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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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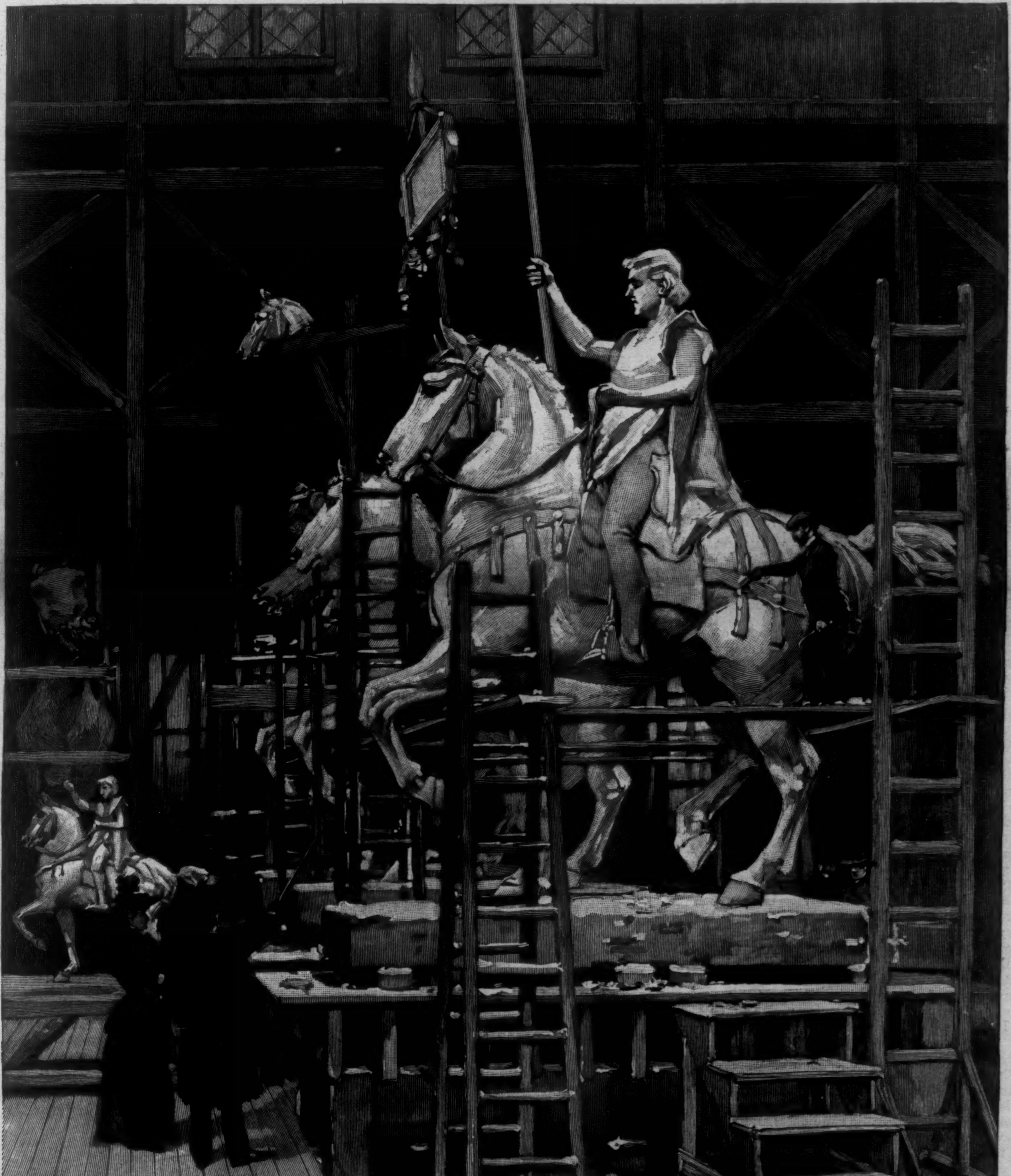

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—FINISHING THE LARGE STATUES.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 326.]

The Outriders of the Quadriga: Figures by D. C. French; Horses, by E. C. Potter.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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POLITICAL CONSISTENCY.

A READER of this journal, writing from Maryland, expresses his surprise that, while vigorously opposing Tammany Hall, we should nevertheless be willing to support Democratic candidates and policies; and he apprehends that by doing so we make ourselves responsible, or share with others the responsibility, for keeping Tammany Hall alive. It would be easy to answer our correspondent, who is evidently a Republican, by pointing out to him that if those who supported Mr. CLEVELAND, a good man representing the best tendencies of his party, thereby supported also Tammany Hall, by the same rule of logic those who supported Mr. HARRISON, a respectable man representing the honesty of his party, thereby supported also MATT QUAY and the Republican Tammanys in Philadelphia and Cincinnati. The natural upshot of this course of reasoning would be that if we commit a reprehensible act by supporting that which is respectable in either of the two political parties, because thereby we may encourage and strengthen the bad elements in them, we must, in order to discourage and weaken that which is bad in the political parties, carefully abstain from supporting that which is good in them. This would apply not only to all political parties now existing, but to all that have existed in the past or are likely to exist in the future; for we can hardly expect any large organization of human beings to consist exclusively of pure patriots. Every one of them will have its cormorants and camp-followers, its demagogues and political speculators. It is only a question of more or less, and how far the good tendencies and influences overbalance the bad ones, or *vice versa*. And this is the consideration which should guide our political course.

Applying this to the political parties now existing, it must be admitted that the attachment of Tammany Hall is a very grievous burden to the national Democracy. Its reputation outside of this State is fully as bad as its character at home, and nothing is more certain than that this reputation costs the Democratic party throughout the country in every national election many times more votes than Tammany commands here. The injury done to the Democratic party in its national capacity by the attachment of Tammany would be justified if Tammany were really a potent factor in the national organization. But this, fortunately, it is not. The history of the participation of Tammany Hall in National Democratic Conventions has been an almost unbroken record of defeats, humiliating in the extreme. Not only did Tammany fail to enforce its wishes, but frequently it looked as if National Democratic Conventions had intentionally done things distasteful to Tammany just because they were known to be so. Twice they nominated for the Presidency a man whom they loved for having made Tammany his enemy. The treatment Tammany received at the last National Democratic Convention was tantamount to a moral expulsion. Tammany is admitted to the great party councils on account of the formal regularity of its local position; but its advice is always thrust aside, and its wishes are uniformly scorned with every demonstration of contempt. Tammany is, therefore, not only not a potent factor in the national Democracy; it is really not even a member in good standing; it is simply a hanger-on. It is a local organization of pirates which calls itself Democratic in order to have a respectable flag under which to sail. It cares so little for the principles, policies, and objects of the national Democracy that it might, without the slightest change in its character, attach itself to the Republican party if by a change of flag it could improve its chances for municipal spoil.

There is, therefore, as little reason for abandoning the support of good Democratic candidates and policies on account of Tammany as there is for a Republican to abandon the support of respectable Republican candidates and policies on account of QUAY and the Republican machines in Philadelphia and Cincinnati—probably even less. For QUAY has occupied, and is likely to occupy, a much more influential position in the national Republican organization than Tammany occupies or is likely to occupy in the national Democracy. In fact, the localization of the Tammany nuisance has, in consequence of the late Presidential election, become so obvious a fact that the Tammany leaders themselves have instinctively begun to appreciate the necessity of refraining from ambitious attempts to make their organization conspicuous in national affairs. Good citizens who have the general welfare sincerely at heart may therefore, undisturbed by local troubles and drawbacks, continue to inquire with due earnestness and candor by the policies and general tendencies of which party that general welfare is most likely to be furthered. And this inquiry has led us to certain conclusions which find expression in the columns of this journal, without, however, in the least impairing its independent character.

We believe that the Republican party, by its extreme high tariff acts, by its force bills, by its recklessly adventurous spirit in the conduct of our foreign policy, by the subordination of the public interest to party advantage, and by its demoralizing lavishness in the expenditure of public money, has shown its incapacity to understand and to serve the specific needs of our time, outlived its usefulness, and thus forfeited the confidence of the American people. We believe that the policies and political tendencies represented by Mr. CLEVELAND and his following in the Democratic party, which promise to give us a rational tariff reform, a larger reform of the civil service, wise economy in government expenditures, a conservative conduct of our foreign affairs, and higher moral standards in our public life, are in far better accord with the requirements of our future development, and that the triumphant nomination and election of Mr. CLEVELAND against the bitter opposition of the bad elements in his party has opened a fair prospect of a fruitful victory of good over evil. Our esteemed Maryland correspondent, and all those who think as he does, may now understand how we can with perfect consistency support and advocate that which we consider wholesome and of good promise in the national Democracy, and endeavor to serve this very object by waging a determined warfare against Tammany Hall, although Tammany calls itself a Democratic organization.

CONTEMPORARY PROVISION FOR THE MILLIONAIRE.

THE erection in New York of a hotel of such magnificence that its opening was an event in a city where magnificent hotels are not rare gives fit occasion to note the increasing facilities offered for the satisfactory expenditure of very large incomes. It has been possible for many centuries to spend large sums of money, if one had the money to spend, and went earnestly about it. Of course kings and rulers in all ages have been able to get away with all they could raise. Indian rajahs have bought jewels and built temples, Roman emperors have dispensed vast revenues, and French kings have built palaces, maintained armies, and kept hordes of dependents in board and lodging. But that sort of disbursement has savored more or less of governmental expenditure, and doesn't count any more than does the ability of our own government to disburse a considerable revenue in pensions.

For private incomes fit to compare with those of our day it is necessary to go back to Roman times, when, to be sure, there seem to have been some pretty fortunes, and a considerable ingenuity in getting rid of their increments. The rich Romans entertained in an elaborate manner, and were able to spend a good deal on banquets and public shows, besides what they got rid of in building But to our minds they were wasteful, mere spendthrifts, who did not get their money's worth, and would not have enjoyed the respect of a modern millionaire. It is a feature of our day that a rich man can pile up a huge annual expenditure without feeling that he has wasted his substance, or failed to get some reasonable return for what he has paid out Abraham was well-to-do, but he lived in a tent, and more wealth to him only meant more flocks and herds and camels and herdsmen. How different his case from that of Lord BUTE, whose newly finished mansion of Mount Stuart, in Scotland, cost a million pounds, and can furnish the comforts of refined life to two hundred and eighty guests!

But then a rich man always could spend a huge sum of money on houses. The peculiar distinction of this decade lies in the provision that it makes for him to enjoy the comforts of millionaire existence when he is away from home. Thirty years ago, when the moderately millioned person risked his precious carcass on a railroad, he had done all that he conveniently could for himself when he hired a compartment in a first-class carriage or a private car. Now he has a train of his own, if he cares for it, without fuss or trouble, and at a cost which to him is a bagatelle. Every phase and variety of climate and surrounding is open to him. Wherever he goes, from Nice to St. Augustine, he finds fit provision made for him, and he has only to quarter himself in the proper suite of the local palace. There is no reasonable place to which he cannot travel in luxurious comfort without taking any particular thought beforehand, and where he cannot live about as he has been used to live If he elects to go to the fair in Chicago this summer, the odds are that he can telegraph out a week before he starts, and hire a more or less princely mansion which is ready from fly-screens to table-linen for his occupation Monte Cristo's opportunities were as nothing to our man's The whole earth has been fixed for him. Wherever he is expected his requirements have been anticipated, and if he wants anything that is not in sight he has only to ring the bell. Aladdin's lamps are worth having in these days, for the tributary genii have practice enough now to learn their business, so that they really begin to understand it. And besides that, they work together for good. When there were only a few multi-millionaires, each one had to make provision for himself, or else put up with what was provided for ordinary people. But now that there are droves of them, they create regular demands, which it is a legitimate and lucrative industry to supply. So they are all able to enjoy increased comforts, and rejoice in the fitness of things, just as a dime-museum giant would in a country where ten-foot monstrosities were so common that extra-strong chairs were regularly provided for them in bar-rooms and restaurants, and beds of extra size provided against their coming at hotels.

CIVIC PROGRESS IN DENVER.

THE student of the many experiments in municipal management in the West will find Denver's progress interesting. That city recently experienced a revolution in government. A ring had fastened upon the offices. The elections were dishonest. The police aided in keeping the ring in power. In the mean time the city was growing like a weed, and was about to make large expenditures in needed improvements. In 1889 a movement led by the Chamber of Commerce resulted in the drafting of charter amendments to create new boards to be appointed by the Governor The new rule was instituted, but, for various reasons, the change was not felt until after 1891. Then came a political revolution, overturning the ring, and putting the Democrats in charge. It was a non-partisan uprising.

The succeeding Board of Public Works consisted of three resident land-owners and tax-payers, appointed by the Governor, to hold office two years. Two were Republicans, and all were Denver business men. They had authority to expend three millions of dollars for specified public works, which, in what seems a magically short time, have advanced Denver to a high place among our Western cities. The paving of the principal streets alone transformed the city. All the work was well, promptly, and honestly done. As in Omaha, the Fire and Police departments were put under one board, with absolute control of all the moneys set apart for it by the Common Council, as well as the appointing power over both departments. The Police and Fire Board consists of three resident land-owners and tax-payers appointed by the Governor with the consent of the Senate. One must be of a different political faith from the Governor, who may revoke any appointment for cause. The appointees, who serve two years and go out together, were a real-estate agent, who has been postmaster, the proprietor of an extensive "transfer" system, and a veteran Coloradoan, who was "the father of the bill."

If these were not the best possible appointments, they yet served the people in rescuing the city from the element that had misgoverned it. The fire and police forces have been recruited from both political parties. It was easily possible to reform the Fire Department, which is winning its way to the pride and affection of the citizens. The Chief recommends only those who show fitness for the work, and the board follows his desires. The police force has been fully reformed by the heads of its divisions. It is not yet properly disciplined or instructed, but the worst of the old offenders are out of it.

The "night side" of Denver had been very lively, loud, and far-Western in its character. Even now there are gambling "hells" that are as busy, crowded, and public as mercantile exchanges, and the quarter inhabited by abandoned women is notorious in the West. Before the local revolution the saloons never closed, and the "games" were open all the time except on Sundays. Most of the shooting affrays and murders which disgraced the city took place after midnight. Now, drinking and gaming cease at midnight, under a new law, which is exceptionally well enforced. Mondays had been "field-days" for the trials of arrested drunkards, but the number decreased remarkably. A similar decrease of the cases of destitution was noticed. About 400 saloons pay $240,000 into the city treasury each year. The city appoints policemen to keep order in the gambling "hells" at the expense of the proprietors. As one official expressed it, "The government has been considering the advisability of raiding the disorderly houses twice a year to obtain the equivalent of a license fee from each one. The reason it has not been done is that the inmates are too poor"

A neglected law set apart the police court fines to benefit the public library Now a fixed sum of $500 a month is given to the library The city gives $12,000 a year to an organization of philanthropic citizens, who raise far more other money, and aim to abolish street mendicancy and to aid the needy. The county commissioners should attend to this, but do not Former Health Boards had been criminally careless The new commissioner and his assistants are Republicans. The Chief Inspector, a Democrat, has chosen aides regardless of politics. Mayor PLATT ROGERS determined to have this board do more than collect vital statistics. On his motion the leading physicians formed a voluntary advisory board, and induced a retired practitioner, Dr. STEELE, to be Health Commissioner, with two young expert medical assistants, between whom his salary is divided that they may give their whole time to the public. An earnest Chief Inspector has closed 800 wells, cleaned up the alleys, enforced house to house inspection, investigated the sources of contagious diseases, and instituted the inspection of meat, fruit, and milk. Thus the death rate was brought down from about 25 to 13.30 in October last. In September, 1890, there were 131 deaths from typhoid fever, but last year saw the number reduced to 39.

Mayor ROGERS insists that in national politics he is an "offensive partisan" (Democrat), but he considers municipal affairs "pure matters of business into which the introduction of politics can serve but to impair the efficiency of the government." He has been violently opposed, despite his high standing as a citizen, and the work of the new boards also aroused the opposition of the Common Council, which struggled to retain its powers. Indeed, Denver still feels the shock that accompanied its elevation to a place among the well-governed cities of our land. When the character of the dominant element there is considered, it seems unlikely that those who abused their power will ever force the city back into their control. Denver's progress was not in the line of home-rule. Popular education in self-government has been only slightly furthered. The responsibility was shouldered on the Governor instead. Yet the people dictated the change, and in so far as it is an improvement they are to be congratulated.

SPRING OPENINGS OF SPORTS.

The spring openings of milliners and mantua-makers are nothing compared with the spring opening of the athletes. The interest of a woman in an Easter bonnet compared with the intense absorption of a young man testing his muscles, or looking over his grown-up playthings, as the sun begins to intimate once more that it is the source of heat, is as water unto wine.

For several weeks now the hammers have been sounding in the winter retreats of the yachts, and boats that will sail in many a contest during the coming summer have been quietly slipping into the water, where the painters and riggers are busy with them. As soon as the ice in the creeks had broken up, the owners of small craft made their eager way to the place where they had stored their boats for the winter, and there, slipping about in the mud and on the anchor-ice, spent a happy day in examining their beauties, with tender solicitude as to how they had spent the winter, and in giving instructions to the shipwrights as to the curing of what ailments they may have suffered under, and as to their decoration for the coming season of festivity.

The water is dancing in the sunlight, and men are dreaming of the joys they are to renew on the sea and the sound and the river. It is to be a great summer for yachting. **Dunraven**'s flier is to come over to contest for the *America's* Cup, and perhaps other Englishmen will follow his excellent example. The extraordinary lines of new boats designed to meet these bold foreigners have long been looming up in wood, lead, bronze, and iron, and some of them are at last being revealed to an interested public. Curious marine structures they are, looking like strange fishes, and as unlike the productions of the naval architecture of a score of years ago as a caravel of **Columbus**'s day is as unlike the fast cruiser or the fast liner *New York*.

There is stir, too, among the oarsmen, who are very weary of rowing in tanks, and are anxious to sit once more in a shell and to feel the boat's response to their effort. The Oxford and Cambridge race has been rowed, and the experts of the American colleges are making calculations on the time, with a view of determining if perchance it will be safe to send over an eight to contend with the victor.

Men wearing sweaters are gathering on the campuses, and taking the preliminary steps looking to a summer and fall of struggle at the bat or on the football field. Experienced eyes are looking over the material at command, and are forming possible combinations of nines and elevens. It will be months before the final decision is made, and in the mean time there will be an immense amount of work done in the open air. It is called work now. In a day not very much older than this it was called play; and it is to be remarked that the boys of to-day appear to have as much fun at their work as their fathers and uncles had at their play.

The spring is waking up. The ovals on the country grounds of the athletic clubs are being pressed by feet longing to be once more battling on them at tennis, at hammer-throwing, at leaping, at running, at anything which strengthens the muscles and sends the blood rushing through the veins. The captains of the professional baseball nines are meeting their men. The country roads are full of bicyclers. Sport is preparing for its annual grand openings.

DUTIES OF THE "HIRED MAN."

We suppose that there is no other man in the world whose duties are so numerous and varied as are those of that rural individual known socially as the "hired man," and statistically as the "farm hand." The successful hired man—the one who is never out of a "job," and who may look forward to standing a chance some day of becoming Secretary of Agriculture—must be able to turn with equal facility to cutting the children's hair or to breaking a hot-headed span of mule colts to drive. He must know how to pack the family pork-barrel, and be able to split up second-growth iron-wood with a dull axe; understand mending a harness and cleaning a clock, and have no objections to making a hot-bed or digging a fifty-foot well. Indeed, that there are any limits whatever to the accomplishments which the hired man should possess has never been established, though a lawsuit which has just crept into the West Virginia lower courts bids fair to mark out at least a detached bit of boundary.

One **Silas Dudley** has sued a Greenbrier County farmer named **Pepper** for eight dollars alleged to be due him. It appears that the plaintiff was working for the defendant by the month. His duties, of course, included everything known to the agricultural mind of men, from turning the churn and taking care of the baby rainy days to blasting out stumps and chasing tramps off the farm with a pitchfork when the weather was pleasant. One day while at White Sulphur Springs the farmer bought a dog. The breed of this animal seems to be somewhat in doubt. He had the size of the mastiff, with the fore legs and lower jaw of the bull-dog. His eyes and ears and the general expression of his face reminded the awe-stricken beholder of the bloodhound. It is probable, or at least possible, that the key to his breed had been in his tail, but this member, unfortunately for students of natural history, had been cut off and lost early in life. **Pepper** gave a jack-knife, a plug of tobacco, and forty cents in money for the beast, and tied him under the wagon and led him home.

After **Pepper** reached home that night, and the first flush of the transaction had passed, he began to have misgivings about his purchase. "I don't believe that dog has got no grit," he observed to **Silas**, as they sat by the stove after supper. Then he took a lantern and went out into the wood-shed and looked at the animal again. He found him standing solemnly in the middle of the floor, with his feet braced and his eyes on the outside door. "That air dog is weak," remarked **Pepper** as he returned to the fire. "He lacks sand. I paid too much for him. He might do for a pet, but what I wanted was a watch-dog with some pop about him." **Silas** was inclined to think that the dog was all right, but he could not convince the other. After the third visit of inspection the dog-owner sat down and drew a long breath. "Si," he said, gloomily, "the critter's a rabbit. I don't believe he'd fight a hoss-fly." After a moment's thought he brightened up and said: "I tell you what we'll do. We'll try that air dog. You put on them old clothes of mine, and come to the back door and ask for cold victuals in a strange voice, and I'll sic him on, and you'll see that he's a coward." **Silas** did not readily take to the idea, but finally put on the clothes under protest, and went around to the back door. **Pepper** was at the other door with the lantern. The dog still stood in the middle of the floor, watching the outside door. There was an uneasy movement about his forward legs, and his stub tail pointed straight up. His lower lip moved nervously, and his eyelids drooped and showed that his eyes were red. He held his head low, and looked as big as a yearling calf as he stood there in the uncertain light. **Silas** pushed open the door a couple of inches, and started to speak in his disguised voice. Then he saw the dog. The hair on the animal's back was standing up, and he growled hoarsely far down in his throat. "Sic him, Tige! sic him!" shouted **Pepper**. "Come on, Si; he won't touch you." The dog began to walk forward with a stiff-legged movement. **Silas** shut the door and disappeared. A moment later the two men met in the front room, and a wordy encounter followed, which ended by the farmer discharging the man for alleged incompetency in refusing to try the dog's courage. He kept back a half-month's wages, and the man is suing him for it, as we said before.

The plea which will be set up by **Pepper** is, of course, that it is a part of a hired man's duties to test the doubtful bravery of a dog. The man will deny this, and also put forward the claim that there wasn't any doubt about the animal's readiness to attack anything. He will use the original owner of the dog to prove that he sold him because he had recently partially devoured a letter-carrier, two peddlers, and a passing member of the Legislature. Taking it altogether, it seems to us that the man has a strong case and ought to win, though of course it will not do to undermine our free institutions and sap the foundations of the republic by any sweeping reduction in the duties of the rural hired man.

·THINGS·TALKED·OF·

A gentleman who recently called on Mr. Carlisle, the Secretary of the Treasury—singular to say, not on offices intent—was a witness of a very significant little incident. A member of Congress presented one of his constituents with authenticated "claims," and urged on the Secretary his appointment to a certain place. Mr. Carlisle listened to both with practised courtesy, and sent for the chief of the division in whose charge the place fell. After inquiry as to the duties and the record of the incumbent, the Secretary asked, blandly, "Could you not get along without any one in this place?" The answer was prompt, "Yes, if necessary." "Very well, you may abolish the place." This is not the usual way of looking at a bit of "patronage" sought by an influential Congressman for a political favorite. But it is a sound way, and if Mr. Carlisle can inspire those under him with the sentiment of obligation to the people rather than to political friends which he himself feels, he can bring about some notable changes.

An incident in a slightly different line, but denoting the same spirit of devotion to the public rather than party interests, is the promotion to be Solicitor of the Treasury of Mr. F. A. Reeve. This gentleman was brought into the service under Mr. Hayes, and has advanced steadily since, and though he is a Democrat—a war Democrat from Tennessee—he may be relied on to be independent of partisanship in the performance of his important duties. The promotion of Mr. Fisher, of Massachusetts, who entered the Patent Office by the way of competitive examination, is another example of the same methods. The wonder is that the contrast between these and the spoils methods does not lead to the complete abandonment of the latter.

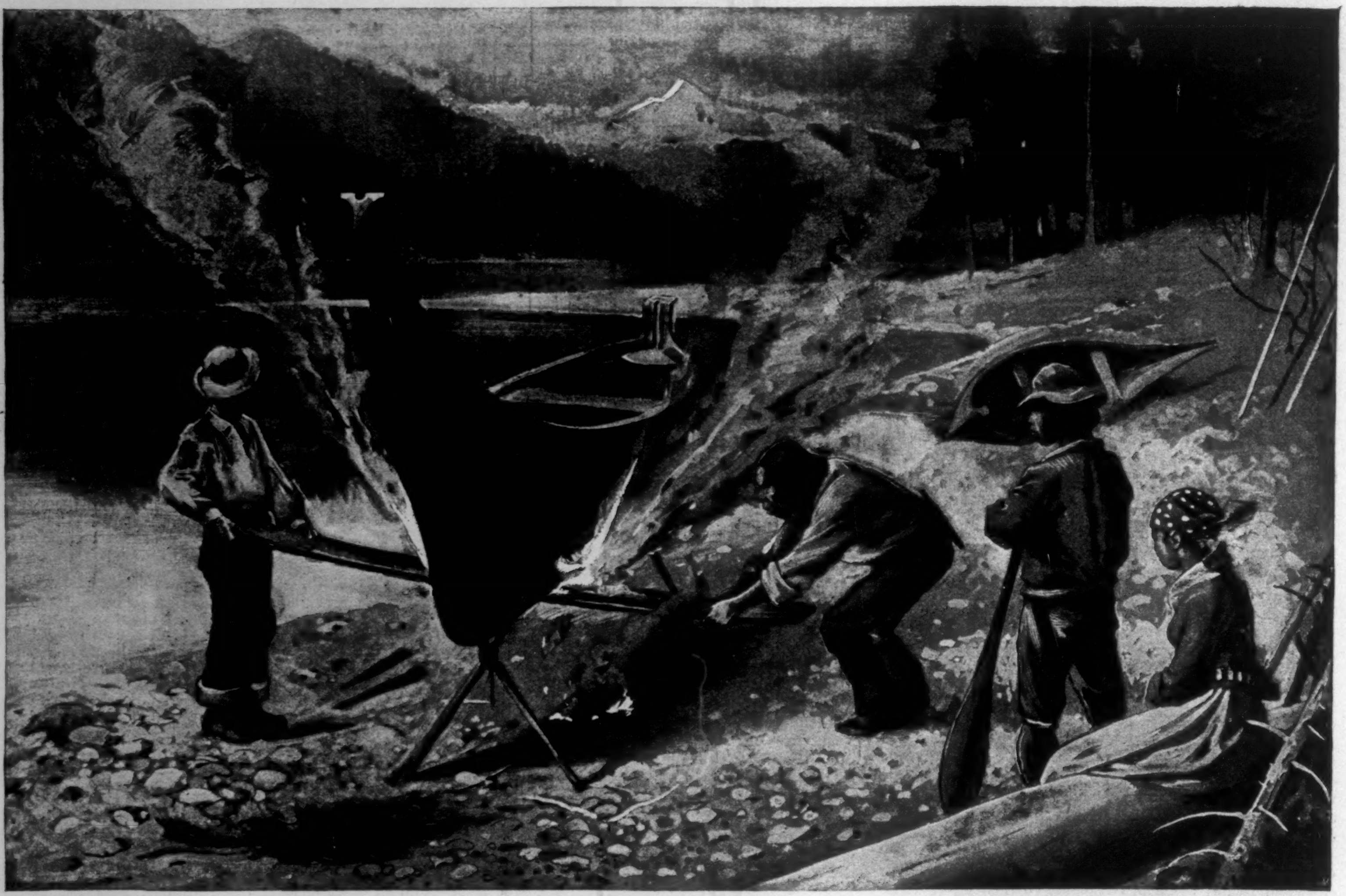
It is understood that the Loan Exhibition of the Fine Arts Society, which closed on Sunday the 26th of March, yielded very little for the fund of the society. This is much to be regretted, and the figures, when they are complete, of income and outgo should be carefully studied by the officers of that admirable association. Certainly the exhibition was of the greatest value and attractiveness, and extremely varied, so that it should have excited the interest of many different classes, as it clearly satisfied those whose love of art is catholic and cultivated. From Monet to Constable in landscape, from Ribot to Rembrandt in portraiture, from De Chavannes to Bellini in allegorical painting, from Boldini to Teniers in *genre*, from French and Barye to the Greek figurines in terra-cotta in sculpture, there is a wide range, with enough of all sorts between to draw the grateful study of New-Yorkers. The attendance seemed to a frequent visitor to be large, and was often sufficient to make seeing the most popular objects difficult, and study of them in any enjoyable fashion quite impossible. It is doubtful if the galleries are extensive enough to admit of much greater attendance without defeating the objects of an exhibition other than getting money, and such a result, we are sure, the managers would regret. But if there is any disappointment to the society in the amount obtained for its noble purposes, its faithful and generous officers and their coworkers may at least take much comfort in the influence this latest effort of theirs must have exerted in this community. No mind at all sensitive to beauty could have passed an hour in the exhibition without feeling that the immaterial aims of life are of greater value than the mere gratification of sensual tastes, and such an experience makes life better worth living, and its harder experiences more easily borne.

The Civil Service Reform Association of Missouri, of which Mr. Charles Claflin Allen is president, originated a Corrupt Practices act which has passed both Houses of the Legislature by a practically unanimous vote. It is the most complete and thorough measure of its kind that has been proposed in this country. It defines with great clearness and minuteness the offences of bribery and of "personation" at elections, and fixes the penalties for them. Then it limits the expenditures of every candidate in such fashion that where 5000 votes were cast at the last election the expenditures shall not be more than $100, for 25,000 votes not more than $500, and for 50,000 votes not more than $750, and 50 cents per 100 votes beyond 50,000. It requires from each candidate a sworn itemized statement of expenditures before he can receive a certificate of election. It makes every two or more persons associated in collecting or disbursing money for election purposes a political committee, requires every such committee to have a treasurer, through whose hands all money must pass, and compels such treasurer to keep and file a detailed statement of all moneys received or paid out, under penalty of a fine and imprisonment. It will be very interesting to see how this law will be carried out. If the public sentiment sustains it, and there is a sufficient number of active and resolute men to insist upon its enforcement, elections in Missouri will soon become models for the rest of the States.

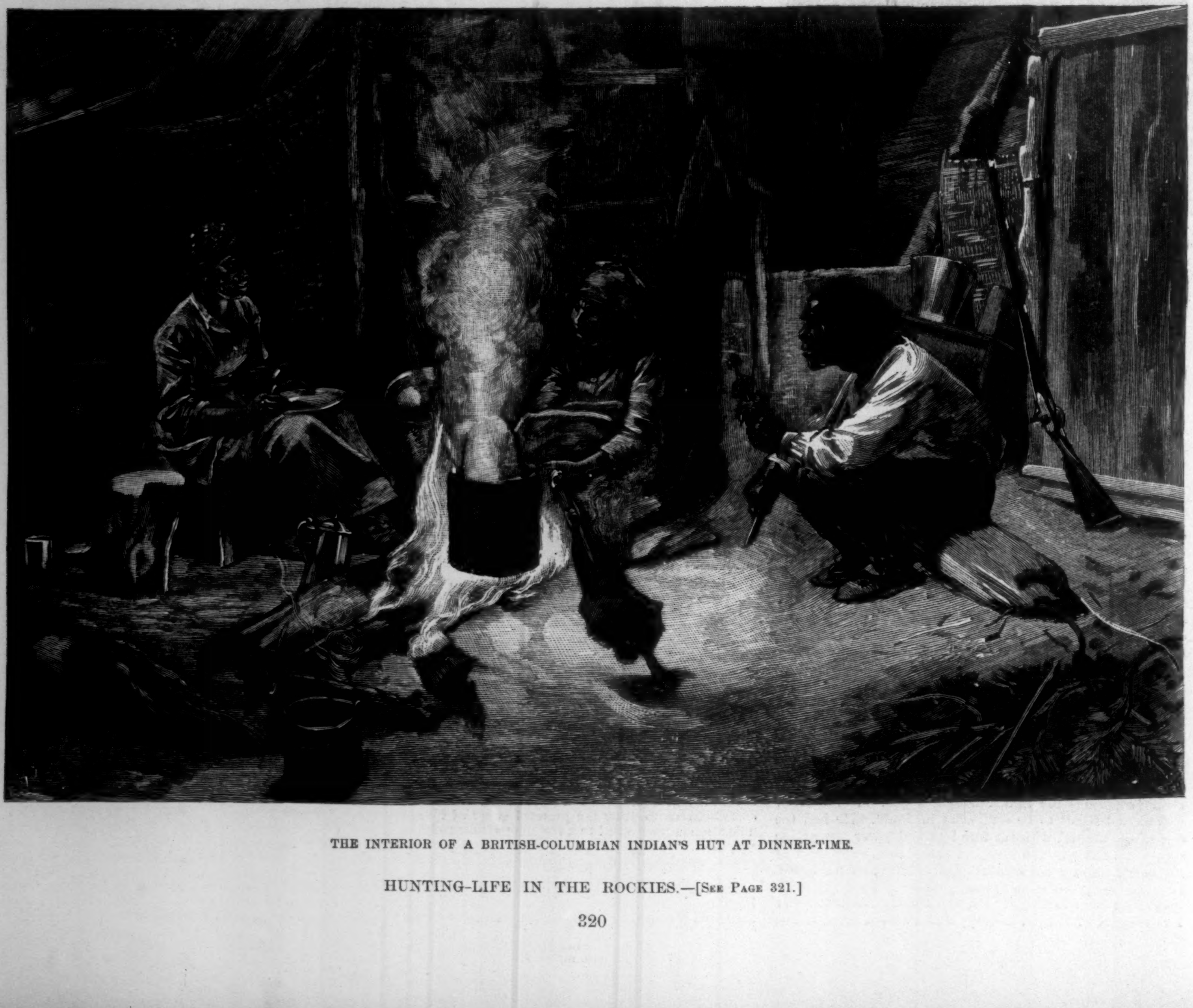
In a recent suit in London brought by the wife of a scion of one of the "noble" families for a judicial separation from a husband who was shown to have been guilty of the most cruel treatment, the defendant sought to break the force of the evidence against him by the testimony of a servant to improper conduct on the part of his wife. One of the incriminating statements was that his wife's watch had been found in the sleeping-room of the gentleman whom it was sought to involve. But the opposing counsel instantly put on the stand the jeweller who sold the watch, who testified that at the date alleged it had not yet been sold, and, if we remember rightly, had not yet been made. The wife was vindicated, of course, but the perjured witness escaped any punishment, and is probably now enjoying the reward that was given for the false swearing. Cases not unlike this, though not always so dramatic in the *dènouement*, are constantly occurring in our own courts, but neither here nor in England is there any provision for sure and summary punishment of the offenders. It is generally conceded, we think, among lawyers that in certain classes of cases, of which divorce suits are the most frequent, false testimony is on the increase. The old-fashioned feeling as to the sanctity of an oath, it is admitted, is dying out, and nothing has taken its place to insure veracity on the witness-stand, while in the matter of written evidence, to "lie like an affidavit" is a phrase not uncommon with the legal profession. It has been suggested that perjury might with advantage be made contempt of court, and so brought within the immediate reach of the judge before whom it is committed. That might seem arbitrary, but we should say that the sense of responsibility among judges would be quite sufficient to prevent abuse, and that in any case the abuse would be far less mischievous than the perjury that is so common.

It is a pleasing thought that any sentiment so abstract as the love of art is capable of exciting in a large body of American gentlemen and ladies a kind and amount of enthusiasm not surpassed by even the excitement of politics. That thought must have occurred to many of the 250 guests at the banquet given to Mr. Burnham, the Director of Works of the Columbian Exposition, when the walls of the lovely concert-hall of the Madison Square Garden shook with peal on peal of cheers. These cheers were not for Mr. Burnham only. Had they been, they could have been attributed to admiration and pride of Americans in one of the most strikingly strong American natures, and fervent patriotism would have had its share in accounting for them. But their thunders greeted the names of architects and artists and sculptors as the works of these gleamed upon the vast screen across the gallery; they greeted the magnanimous and glowing tribute of Mr. Burnham to Mr. Olmsted; they burst forth anew when the refined face and scholar's form of Professor Norton—the Nestor of our Faculty of Art, as Mr. Hunt called him—rose before the company. Indeed, the spirit of the occasion was one of joyous enthusiasm over the achievements of art in a nation to which art has been in many of its forms a recent birth, or at best a very late maturing. It indicated that here at least and at last was a tie binding closely and for good the wide elements of nationality. Ten years since such a manifestation would have been impossible in New York. Three years ago no one would have dreamed that a tribute to a Chicago architect could ever be the occasion of one.

There was a scene for the pen of the social satirist in the Common Council Chamber of Brooklyn on the 27th ult., when the Mayor of the city listened to the plea of a large body of saloon-keepers against the increase of the license fee from $100 to $150. The protesting gentlemen were clad in fine linen, adorned with a more general display of diamonds than is usually seen outside of a ballroom. They pleaded that they could not afford this added burden on a business which was sadly restricted by the pernicious habit of the average Brooklyn man of spending his evenings at home with his family. They very naturally cited the arguments of Governor Hill against a high-license bill. They told the Mayor that their money would not go to the city, but to a lot of charities and other meddlesome organizations with reformatory purposes. A more striking exemplification of real or assumed unconsciousness of the nature and effects of their business was never given. If the Mayor follows his own convictions, we have no doubt that he will support the increase in the license fee. It is none too great, and is, in fact, ridiculously small. The collection of a fair revenue from men who directly and indirectly levy so heavy and so injurious a tax upon the community is the least compensation that can be exacted from them. Were it not for the control these men generally enjoy over the worthless or vicious voters, the revenue got from them would be much more nearly what it ought to be.



INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA PITCHING A "DUGOUT" CANOE.



THE INTERIOR OF A BRITISH-COLUMBIAN INDIAN'S HUT AT DINNER-TIME.

HUNTING-LIFE IN THE ROCKIES.—[See Page 321.]

HUNTING-LIFE IN THE ROCKIES.

BY THE MARQUESS OF LORNE, K.T.

Illustrated by C. E. Fripp, R.W.S.

"Of course that's not his real name?"

"Well, it's what he wants to go by, anyway."

"Did he tell you anything of himself?"

"Not of his early history, but a lot of more recent adventures."

"What makes you think he's a gentleman?"

"Well, chiefly his manner, and then his accidentally mentioning things that had happened to him in England."

"Oh, he's an Englishman, is he?"

"There's no doubt about that, and no doubt in my mind that he's a gentleman—a perfect gentleman—an English gentleman."

"That's rather an acquisition, if he'll come with us."

"I hear he's up to more dodges in getting game and in making a cozy camp than anybody."

That was the talk at a rough hotel, or rather boarded shanty, at Kamloops, in British Columbia, a good many years ago, and the subject of the talk broke it off sharp by entering the bar-room. He nodded at the two Britishers who had been discussing him, and strode to the counter. Then filling three glasses, he took one, and pushed the two others towards those who had been inquisitive about him, and said,

"Drink."

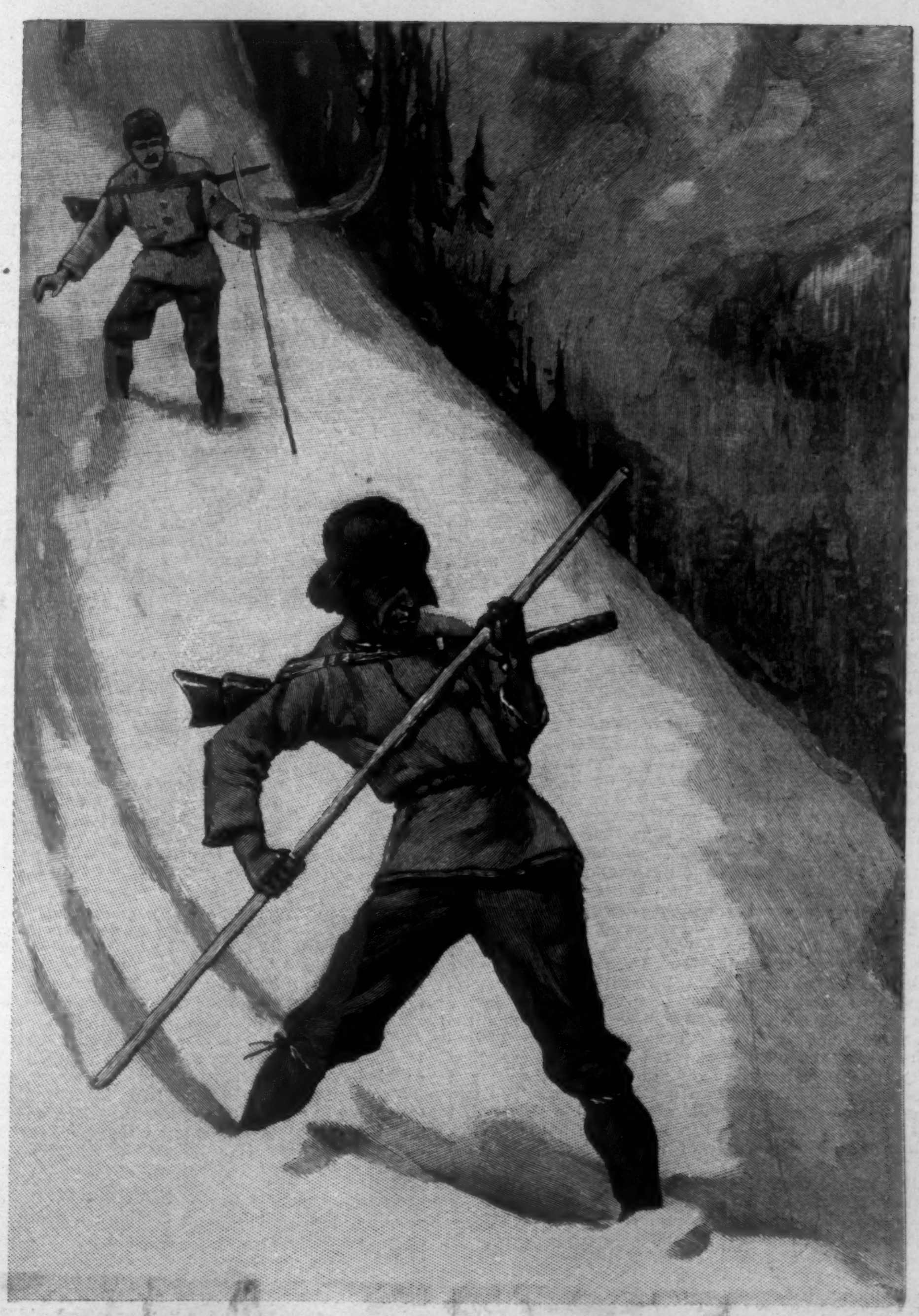
One of the two young men addressed at once took a glass. The other shook his head, and said, politely,

"Thanks very much, but I've had my quantum."

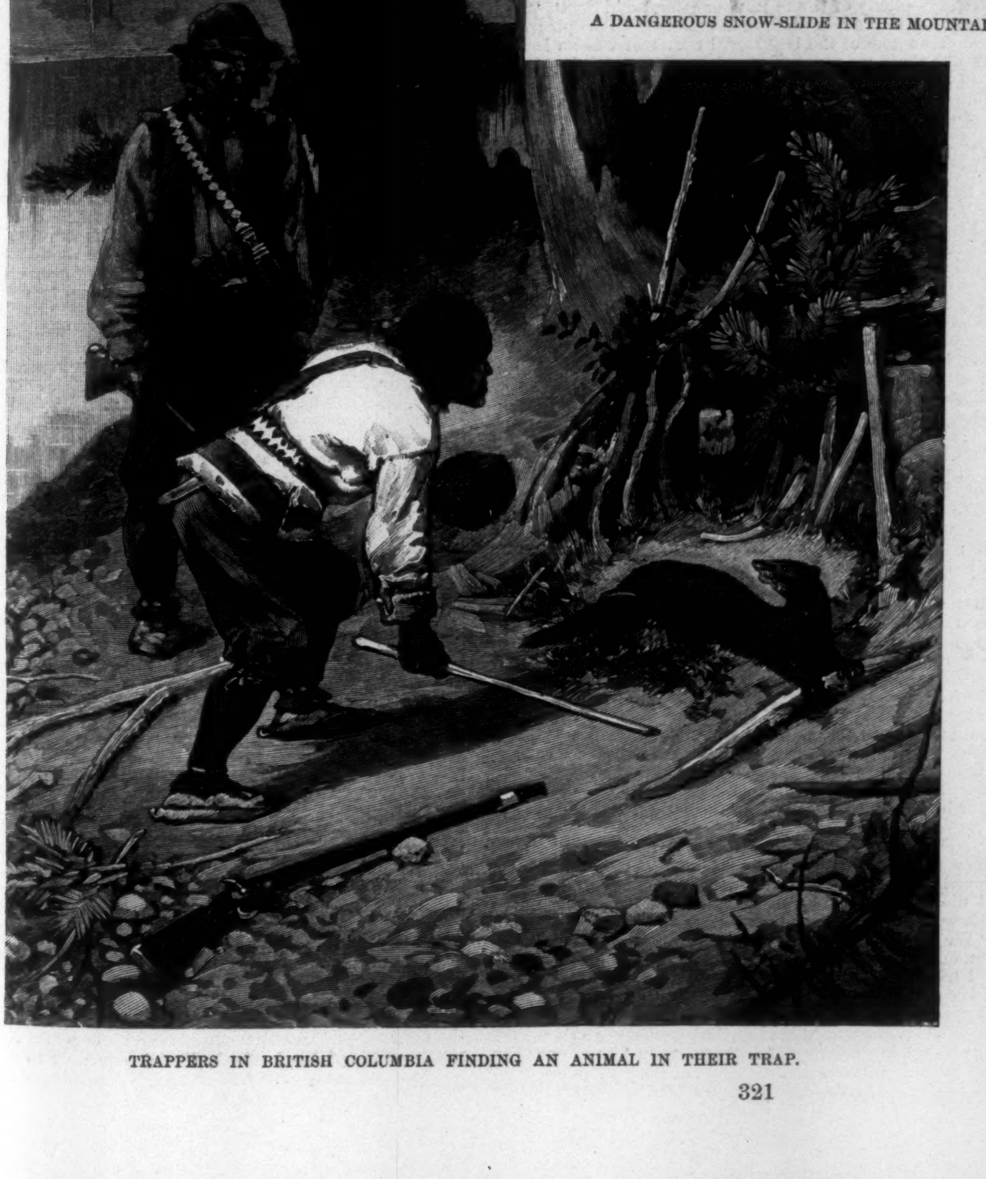
The "perfect gentleman" made one long stride towards "our Mr. Snooks" (as the commercial house for which the young man worked rejoiced to call him), and said, as he looked down seriously upon Snooks,

"Sir, in this country people are supposed to drink when they're asked to."

Needless to say, Snooks took the glass at once, and swallowed the contents with a meek gulp, which seemed to expend all the breath that was left in him. Snooks's friend had already grasped the situation intuitively, for he was of robust build, and had no special times and seasons for a drink. Both the robust and the delicate travellers now looked up at the "perfect gentleman" with marked attention. But there was nothing very extraordinary about his appearance. Tall and thin, with arched nose and fair mustache and beard, and fine clear blue eyes, he seemed, but for a very decided stoop and too sloping shoulders, to be "a very pretty man," as his Highland countrymen would say; for it was apparent that his name—Scott—was Caledonian, and the sternness of his face when quite at ease made Snooks and the stouter Tom both hope that his wildness would prove the only poetic license on his part. This really seemed to be the case, for, seeing that Snooks was alarmed at the suddenness with which he had been induced to swallow his grog, he sat down with a decided smile on his long face, and said to the two who stood still,



A DANGEROUS SNOW-SLIDE IN THE MOUNTAIN RANGES WEST OF THE ROCKIES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.



TRAPPERS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA FINDING AN ANIMAL IN THEIR TRAP.

"Well, I'm pretty tired, for I've been a juryman."

Snooks stared with a yet more scared look, but the robust Tom found on inquiry that Mr. Scott was not romancing.

"Yes, I have been panelled for the trial of the fellow who shot at the Chinaman; but of course we all wished the Chinaman had been shot. It was a mighty hot day, and the evidence deucedly long and tiresome. Then, in the middle of the chief witness's story, when we were hoping to finish the thing off, came news that the Governor was arriving by the river. So the Judge thought that the Governor couldn't land without the assistance of the Judge, and up rose 'the Court,' apparently expecting us to remain where we were until the Governor had landed, and goes down to the river. Then out went the audience, and the jury didn't see why they should stay, and I went out with them. Goodness knows what's become of the prisoner. Perhaps he went down to meet the Governor too. Anyway, the trial's broken off, because the jury communicated with the outside public. I drink to you, sirs; you are a part of the outside public."

Further conversation revealing the fact that he was not over-anxious to be empanelled again, Tom made overtures to the tall drinker, which ended in his promising to show them what he could of the sport to be had thereabouts. He would not have any one else go with them, but said they must carry some food, and that he would guarantee that they would get proviant enough, provided they would shoot decently straight. "And if they couldn't, he could." And they had no cause to regret the decision.

The autumn days had become cold enough to bring snow to the mountains, and the cold had driven the mountain-sheep to the lower slopes. Several small flocks were seen in the valleys, and to stalk them, and to get a pretty easy shot on easy ground, was congenial to Mr. Snooks's taste. He was moderately successful, probably because the fine solitary ram that used to guard the flock did not suppose him to be as formidable as he really was. It was rather piteous to see so fine an animal fall to so prosaic an antagonist. The fine head of the wild sheep, with its great curving thick horns, would be thrown up as though suspicious of impending trouble, and intent to guard against it. He would give an impatient stamp when aware of the approach of man, and yet gaze a moment longer to make sure; and then would come the rifle-shot, and, with one bound into the air, he would lie the next minute a mere convulsive mass of brown and white, his eyes glazing, and the hair of his coat roughed with the stones on which he fell. For these sheep have no wool. A coarse brown hair like that of a deer, but less fine, covers them. But, curiously enough, the mountain-goat has wool—on his back. On the "saddle" of the back there is a snow-white fleece, and this everywhere else on his body gives place to long snowy hair.

The stouter of the two sportsmen was much the keener after these ancient-looking goats, with their wise faces, short, almost straight, backward-bent horns, and white-trousered strong legs. Tom said he didn't mind any height so long as he had something to hold on to, even if that something were only the ends of Scott's jacket. It is curious how some men will face any precipitous depth below them so long as they can clutch something, just as one knows of nervous ladies who don't mind a steep bank near the carriage so long as they have a husband, son, or brother whom they can pinch black and blue as soon as they think themselves in danger. There are many men of the most dauntless courage, which can be displayed everywhere except where they must cross a plank without a hand-rail. Custom does everything. Even a steeple-jack must hold on to something, as a rule. It is possible that ponies might get accustomed to grizzly-bears, but it certainly requires practice. Most horses have an instinct, or have by power of smell a knowledge, of where a bear has recently crossed a trail, and will stand and shake with terror, although they may never have seen a bear during their lives. Their dams must have told them about bears, and frightened them with stories when they wanted obedience in the foals or fillies, much as nursery-maids used to frighten children in England by threatening that if they were not quiet they would bring Bonaparte to them. Neither nurse nor child had seen Bonaparte, but the mere idea, derived from no one knows what, was enough. Just so with the grizzlies. The mere idea is enough to make most ponies go wild with fright. Every day our sportsmen expected to see bear, but the goats and the sheep gave them enough to do without the greater "game." The snow on the mountains was often deep, and they enjoyed the *glissades* down the steeps, which were not yet sufficiently covered to cause avalanches. Slippery enough it sometimes was, and one day, when Scott was, luckily, the lowest of the little party, Snooks lost his footing on the mountain-side above. One slip, one kick, one futile grasp at the snow on the ice about him, and then he was whirling down, sending the snow in graceful fountains of white spray before him as he darted helplessly towards a rocky ledge, which seemed destined to shoot him out into an abyss below. Scott saw the accident, jammed his staff into the frozen ground, and reaching out as his unfortunate friend was shooting past him, held on for dear life to the waistcoat he had gripped. Out flew every button on Snooks's breast; but his course was stayed, and he lay gasping at Scott's feet. A narrow squeak indeed; but an inch is as good as a mile. Nerves were somewhat shaken that afternoon, and it was judged to be just as well to descend to less dangerous ground, and to go into camp. And what delights those camps gave! It may be more luxurious to have the shelter of the tent in the warmth of sunshine by the shore, or to need but little fire by the summer camp after the day has been spent in work that needs no great bodily exertion. But the greatest of all pleasures is the repose that is the reward of good work and sport in bracing air. Where the white peaks shot upward in glistening starlight around the forest valleys, and could be seen over the tall pines—tall—so tall that their "slender tops" seemed indeed "close against the sky"—there were many happy evenings for the escaped juryman and his companions from Kamloops. The two younger men were full of talk when not too sleepy, and would try to get out their tall friend's story; but he always put them off by telling only of recent experiences. He knew these passes well. None better. It was known of him that he had once accomplished a marvellous journey over them. It was at a time when no railway had been dreamed of as likely to be able to thread the tangled wilderness of fir and cedar, and climb the giant ranges that shut out intercourse with the plains, making "the Pacific slope" in old days a separate world, sundered from the dry prairie country, and knowing only its own moist sea-breezes and gigantic trees. Nobody knew why he had undertaken to scale the mountains, and risk the loss of his life in the depth of winter by venturing to cross from the sea to the Milk River, as the infant Missouri is called at its Rocky Mountain nursery. Nobody had asked him to explore the country. He was no surveyor, nor had geology, nor any ology, troubled his mind with problems of the earth's original manufacture. He only knew the globe to glory in going round it, or over any of its projections which seemed repulsive to other mortals. Some said he had been crossed in love; others said he was mad. Most people are mad in the estimation of a jog-trot community around them. If you have ideas which are not of the ordinary pattern, made to routine order, you are always considered mad. Say ditto to everybody, and wear exactly the same cut of clothes, and speak the thoughts everybody can think, and you are a capital fellow and of sound intellect. Vary from your immediate fellows, and make up your mind that their minds are made up about you in the conclusion that if mind you have, it has gone wrong. Well, Scott had done a very mad thing. He had been where no one had wished to be. He had done what men said was impossible, with no special object in view, except, as it seemed, to get away—away from people—away from himself—away from life.

He had gone up from the coast to Kamloops. That was easy enough, even in the depth of winter, for there was a track. But then he had passed eastward to the mountains in a season of intense frost, and with only one companion—an Indian, of course. No white man would accompany him to do what he said he meant to do—namely, cross over the Canadian Alps with no support except what he could drag behind him on a toboggan. In summer the thing was difficult enough. To be sure, the snow would make the dragging of the sledge easier than the carrying of provisions would be in summer. But the cold, and the unknown track, and the distance all seemed against him.

"We shall not hear of you again," they had said to him.

"Yes. I'll send you word from the other side some day," he had cheerily replied.

And off he went, and by the fire of the camp he told his two young companions how he had got across.

"Why," said Tom, "you must have crossed the Columbia River twice."

"Well, we never knew it—at least I did not. It must have been the case, for we know that it runs through the mountains; but all I remember is ice and snow, and wood and ravine and rock, and mountains of mist, and sun and glare. I remember the torture of my feet when the frost bit them black, and how each day, in the morning, it was a blessed relief to get them to bleed afresh before the ache and agony of the tramp had warmed them a little. We got fire in the woods as long as we were among them, but on the last ridges we could not get our sledges over, and the food we could take was near done when we got to the foot-hills on the eastern side; but there the cold was not so great as on the mountain heights, and a Hudson Bay post on the Elbow and Bow rivers put life into us again."

"And what did you do it for, Scott?" asked Snooks, his round eyes full of wonder.

"Well, perhaps I was prospecting; perhaps I wasn't. Perhaps I wanted to see what I could do. Perhaps I wouldn't be done," said Scott; and when the little man would pursue his questions and inquire and again inquire of Scott, who had become quite silent, the unwarranted inquisitiveness would be met by the tall man looking straight before him and saying, "Well, you must wait for my biography!"

As if to confirm them in the idea that his journey might have been made as a gold quest, he would show them, when they lit their fire beside a stream, how with a little trouble it was possible to find "color," or particles of gold, in the gravel or sand at almost every place where they tarried.

"I have only once found a big nugget," he said. "But that came up quite handy. I struck hard into a mass of gravel with my pick, which was a very sharp one, and when I lifted it again there was something like a potato partly lifted with it, and then fell away from the iron with a splash into the water near by, and I found that the point of the pick had got jammed for a moment into a big nugget, that I got near a thousand dollars for. I picked pretty hard after that, but never found another of any size, though I have got lots of dust. Strange what makes gold stick together in one place. These river bars all have it, but no more seems to come when the pocket is emptied."

They employed themselves often, after that nugget story, in washing and delving in the burns, and came away with about sufficient for each man to make a ring out of his own findings, and that was all. "If we had been Chinese," they thought, "we should have staid and got about a dollar a day." But they congratulated each other they were not Chinese.

"If ever a man gets to the pole, he'll find a 'heathen Chinee' washing for gold there," Scott spitefully said, and he shook again in a pan some of the rivulet's soil, and stooping over it, his aquiline nose seemed to curl into sharper curve as he muttered indignantly against the Chinese; and there, with his gaunt thin frame, and with his long legs astraddle, checkered with the light that reached even the forest recesses, his eyes peered in vain into the alchemy of the wilderness's waters. Snooks, with his pert nose, and eyes and mouth agape, craned up to the long man's hands to look into the pannikin, and Tom, strong and ruddy, sat beside him as he looked up also, his fingers grasping his knees. They met some Indians, and saw how their women rode cross-legged; for the sportsmen got as far as the Kootenay Valley, now being "opened up" by steamer and railway, and, before they turned coastwards, again enjoyed the beauty of that wide valley, and saw how the "vanguard of the pine" comes in detached skirmishing order in advance of the thick bands and masses, and how the more lordly of these trees stand each apart, as though in "open order," so that their boughs can spread freely and the great tasselled ends stretch free to air and the light, which play about their great straight stems, rough with tawny bark and seamed with dark crevices, so that coloring, almost as of a tiger's skin, clothes them at evening and at morning.

They are pretty safe, those trees, for it would not pay to take them to market, and unless the settler's axe hew them down, they may grace the low hill-slopes near the lake for many a long day. Saw-mills are sure to come, and planks and logs and beams will be in demand; but there is a wealth of timber, and coal in quantity.

"I wish I had settled down here, for there'll be lots of people and riches here some day," Scott said, meditatively, one afternoon, as the party rested beneath one of the tall pines, and collected some of the fallen cones for their fire.

"I wouldn't," said Tom. "I'd like to lead the life you have led, and wander wherever it suits me."

"There's plenty of life in it, youngster," said Scott, "and it brings one into queer places and among good people sometimes. Now one of the best men I ever met was an Indian—not like those we saw to-day, with only a small band, but one of the men who led the life of the early Bible chiefs, roaming with the horses, and hunting, perhaps, more than any old Syrian ever did, and not caring for domestic herds; for these people I speak of and their chief had at their disposal the countless herds of the buffalo."

"What! you've been with them, too? With which, the Syrians or the redskins?" asked Snooks, in mild wonder.

"Yes; I was a teamster in the plains once with the Sioux," said Scott; "and one of the finest men I ever knew was their old chief, Sitting-Bull. Look here," he continued—and he pulled out from his jacket a piece of finely wrought white leather covered with little figures of men fighting, tomahawking and shooting each other, with various other devices, such as deer and buffalo, marked in red upon the long slip—"look here, now; that's Sitting-Bull's own work. He did that with his own hand; and though it isn't as well done as a picture by a regular artist, I had rather have it than a Raphael."

"Why, a Raphael would give you one hundred thousand dollars," murmured Snooks.

"Yes, but it would not give me the memories that this bit of skin gives me. When I look at this, I live again the old life with the man who gave it to me, and see the ordered camp, with the ensigns, the spears and shields at the tent doors; the tents of splendid skins, painted somewhat like this in large; the women with their beautiful dresses of bead and leather; the bands of horses; the excitement of the great hunts; the hospitable fireside, whence no man was ever turned away, though that fireside was in the centre of the lodge and in the bosom of the family of the kindly chief—the man who thought no more of risking his life in fight with the white troops than he did of giving his guest a whiff from his pipe—the man who conquered well-equipped cavalry in fair fight—the father of his people—worthy to go down in history with the Princess Pocahontas, or with those leaders who gave battle to Pizarro and Cortes. By Jove, he was a fine fellow!" concluded Scott, rather to his friends' amazement, for they both confessed that they would far rather be a captain of American horse than a Sioux king or an Aztec emperor.

"Well, each man to his taste," said Scott. "I've tried Britain and Europe and most parts of America, but I never enjoyed a better time than the months I spent with old Bull. But the Sioux are going, and the buffalo have gone, and, I suppose, there'll soon not be a bear to shoot."

"We must get one, anyhow, before we get back," said Tom, enthusiastically. "What was your last bear, Scott?"

"I haven't killed one for a long time," Scott replied, "and the last chance I had was an uncommonly lucky one, for I killed a grizzly with a single shot, and from the saddle, too. I had ridden out from a Hudson Bay post along a river-side, and was passing a clump of willows, when I heard a rustle, and out came full towards me, and not forty paces off, a big brown brute. He saw me and turned, and I got a shot just as my horse seemed inclined to bolt, and, to my surprise, the old bear gave up the ghost in the most handsome manner. I could hardly believe he would drop so easily; but there he lay dead."

"That's rather encouraging," Tom remarked; "but I'd rather try from a tree than the saddle, if you don't mind."

"We may see a bear on our way down country again." And they all virtuously made up their minds that they must have a bear-skin to exhibit at Victoria.

It was some days after this that, on their return journey, they heard that a bear had been seen in the country to the southwest of the Spillamacheen Valley, and at Snooks's request they walked in the woods where he was supposed to be, "keeping touch" with each other; for, as S. remarked, he couldn't be expected to tackle a bear for the first time all by himself. Tom said he was quite ready to support him, and all three kept on, giving low whistles to assure each other in the thick brush that help was at hand.

"You don't think he would go for me at sight?" Snooks had nervously asked.

"No; he'll go for us first, and keep you for dessert," Scott had encouragingly replied.

The little man became confident as time went on and nothing appeared. They had come to a great piece of fallen timber. The side branches stretched upward and all about at right angles to the huge trunk. Snooks mounted one to get on to the main stem as it lay prostrate. He was going to swing himself down on the other side, when, lo! in front of him arose a vast brown pillar, as it seemed to him, with two big arms, and, with a faint cry, Snooks dropped back among the branches on the side of the tree remote from the bear—for bear it was, and a huge one—and crouched, breathless, his heart thumping in his throat and his limbs perfectly nerveless. The bear had had only a brief vision of the intruder, and apparently concluded Snooks must be a bad dream, for he grunted, lowered himself, and took no further notice as far as Snooks could learn, for he heard nothing, saw nothing, and felt only an intense desire to shout, but could not. But the bear thought it might be worth while to see what had become of his bad dream, which had left a suspicious odor behind it. So he slowly raised himself again, and got up upon the fallen tree trunk. This made him visible to Tom, who raised his rifle and fired. With a noise something between a hiss and a grunt and a groan, the bear jumped down almost on the top of poor Snooks, but did not touch him, and "went for" Tom "at sight." Tom tried to shin up a small tree, leaving his rifle below; for he had no time, as he thought, to sling it round him. But the bear was too quick for him, and clawed his legging, T.'s foot escaping claws and teeth. At this instant the hero of the day, in the shape of Scott, came up, fired, and the bear fell, tearing down Tom. Another moment and he had given him a nasty munch in the side, but again his jacket saved Tom; Scott fired once more, and followed the shot up by driving a long knife into the grizzly's heart. It was most gallantly and cleverly done, and the thanks of both the young men were very earnestly expressed. But it was a narrow shave, and, as Snooks observed, "might have been much worse had not he [Snooks] insisted on their keeping together."

Perhaps the confidence of all the party—and certainly that of the two younger men—was not quite unshaken. There was less talk of seeking bears. The tone of assurance had somehow "come down." So had the line of the snow, which, when the campaign had been begun, remained high up on the mountain-tops. Now the gold of the birch and the crimson of the vine-maple lit up with no saffron or sanguine fires the dark green of the forest-covered mountain walls. The winds were cold, and Kamloops and its confluence of broad river reaches were passed without regret, for the warm shores of the Pacific were in the traveller's thoughts. The groves of the gigantic firs which are still preserved about the modern city of Vancouver soon saw them passing under their verdant twilights, and the long fiords of the sea greeted them. There, where now the cars of the Canadian Pacific Railway come and go with the regularity of the night and day on their errands across the continent, our three friends rested and smoked and fished, taking into their service some of the coast Indians. These men were experts at handling the peculiarly shaped canoes, which, like many productions of their art, have a touch of Polynesian form. The carvings the coast men make, their ornaments, their mode of building wooden houses (not wigwams, but regular log or rough plank structures), remind those who have seen the Western Pacific people of South Sea tastes. Scott could, of course, tell all about them and their affinities, for where had he not been? He knew, too, how to troll in the sea-water for the salmon that would not rise to the fly, and to fish for the trout in the lakes where the trout condescended to take what the salmon refused. What wondrous fly-fishing it was! He took them to a lake which shall be nameless—or which we shall, at all events, only call by an approximation to the sound of the Indian title, something like "Lake Guessimifukan"—and there in two days they caught about 400 fish, weighing 900 pounds! For fear that Mr. Andrew Lang and everybody else that loves fly-fishing should at once rush there, only an approach to the name is given; and the access to the place is not here indicated, except by the assertion that it is in British Columbia—a wide world is that "double-barrelled" name—a name covering a country incomparable in beauty and in variety of scenery. Nowhere is there a richer sea, nowhere is there a more romantic coast. The fishermen of all the British Isles could be settled along those shores, in a climate as soft as that of Devonshire, and find a market for their fresh fish in the Canadian and American coast cities; and for their salt fish among the Roman Catholic population of Chili, Peru, and kindred Southern states. Some day or other, as Mr. Scott said, small fruit trees will be as common along the shores as are now the innumerable firs. The Fraser figs and apricots will be as popular in London markets as the canned salmon from that river. Meantime, as he wisely said, it is a mercy to the sportsman and traveller that all the "congested districts" of Europe are kept by professional agitators from hunting the Paradise of the enterprising globe-trotter, who may luxuriate in fishing and hunting better than can be enjoyed by any European in the Old World. "We are the free men," concluded Mr. Scott, "who see things for ourselves and find elbow-room for ourselves, and are not made serfs on bad lands to please prejudices and make a living for shady politicians."

"Now," said Snooks, confidentially, "Scott, you have been with us a long time, and we know you must be a countryman of ours; do tell us if it is not so."

"You must wait for my biography," was all the answer he gave. But the mysterious man would entertain them by the hour with tales of his adventures, all of which they implicitly believed to be true. Livingstone used to say that he believed every word of Roualyn Cumming's African stories. Scepticism is often more foolish than faith. "But I tell you, England's not a bad place for those who can afford fogs and dogs and horses," he said over his pipe on the last evening they were together, "not a bad place at all for those who can afford to punt on her Exchange and hunt in her shires. You ask me what I have been; I tell you to wait for that information. You ask me what I've hunted; well, I'll give you a rhyme on that." And he sang this compliment to Old English sports:

What have I hunted? Ah, near and far
  Lie the scenes recalled by the question words:
'Neath the Polar Star, on the opal spar
  Of the ice, I have hunted the walrus herds;

With the first in the foremost flight I've been
  Hard on the hounds on the fox's track—
For the best sport's seen in our England green
  With the scarlet coats and the dappled pack.

What have I hunted? On mountains cold
  Ruddier dyes than the sunset's fell
When the big-horn rolled on the glacier's fold
  To the crack of the re-echoing rifle-knell.

What have I hunted? In Labrador
  Bear—and the moose—and the cariboo
On the lone pine shore, or the barrens hoar,
  With the white moss steeped in the moonlit dew.

Far in the West was that glorious head
  Of the wapiti borne through the dark spruce pass.
With my horse have I sped where the buffalo fled,
  And have stretched them dead on the prairie grass.

What have I hunted? A mighty band!—
  The river-horse and the lion's brood
In the Afric land on the trodden sand,
  When at night at the shallow pools they stood.

And mightier game that roamed at large—
  The mammoth lords of the forest aisle,
Dropped in their charge, by the ruined marge
  Of the royal lakes of our Indian isle.

But, best of all hunting, wherever I've been,
  Give me the hounds on the fox's track.
For the best sport's seen in our England green,
  With the scarlet coats and the dappled pack!

Music and Drama

The last week of Lent, a penitential period from a managerial as well as a devotional stand-point, is not usually rich in dramatic happenings; it is therefore all the more to be regretted that the single dramatic production which varied the monotony of twice-seen shows, that of Mr. Isaac Henderson's drama, *The Silent Battle*, which was produced at the Standard, should have failed to enlist the sympathies of either press or public. A play that was received with marked approbation in London and scored a distinct success in Boston must possess some element of dramatic interest and value, and one is therefore tempted to think that the circumstances under which it was produced, rather than the play itself, must be held responsible for its lack of success. We would venture the opinion that *The Silent Battle* failed to please principally because people had expected it to be something different from what it was. Those who attend a performance given by Mr. Frohman's excellent company of comedians usually do so with the expectation of having their risibles forcibly tickled; this Mr. Henderson's play was evidently not intended to do, and in consequence the audience who witnessed its first performance was disappointed, and therefore dissatisfied. *The Silent Battle* is in no sense a comedy; rather is it an emotional drama of the domestic variety, with a few light comedy scenes—very good of their kind, too, be it said—thrown in to vary the monotony of the somewhat conventional domestic infelicity depicted. The story of the piece, which follows conventional lines, has to do with a struggle—*The Silent Battle*—between a wife and a fascinating grass-widow for the affections of the husband of the former. This gentleman, who is a hopelessly dull, uninteresting prig, as drawn by the author, seems hardly worthy of the attempt made to either win or retain his affections, and for this reason, more than any other perhaps, the play lacks sympathetic interest. In the end the wife wins the struggle, and heaps coals of fire on the head of her fascinating rival by nursing the latter's little boy through an attack of cholera. There is a secondary interest attaching to the loves of an American army officer and a young lady, whose doings are vastly more interesting and attractive than those of the principal characters. The fault of the piece lies, one would think, in its too evident and too intense sincerity. The author is so earnest in his purpose that he becomes oftentimes dogmatic in his morality and insipid in the extreme purity of his emotion. The author has also made the mistake of deferring his climax, which strengthens the last act at the expense of the two preceding ones. When it does arrive, the climax is a good one, and the attendant dramatic situation, when the unscrupulous rival is forced to meekly accept the coals of fire of the virtuous wife, is strong, and instinct with real human emotion; but having been too long delayed, its effect is weakened by the length of time which the author takes to lead up to it.

Condensed into two acts, and played before an audience who are not expecting to laugh at every second line, the fate of *The Silent Battle*, in view of its oftentimes well-written dialogue, its two or three piquant bits of light comedy, and its strong last act, might have been different. It is a mistake, however, for any author to develop his characters from a strictly American stand-point, and then to dub them Marchesas, Contessas, or what not, for in spite of foreign titles they act and appear as Americans just the same. Mr. Holland—perhaps the best light comedian on the American stage—and Miss Grace Henderson, as the American officer and the unscrupulous grass-widow respectively, do excellent work. The entire cast, indeed, was good, although neither Mr Gilmore nor Miss Campbell was able to divest the rôles of Agatha, the wife, and her undecided husband of the emotional insipidity for which the author must be held responsible. As the work of an American author, and written with evident care and sincerity, it is to be regretted that *The Silent Battle* failed to please; but fail it did most emphatically, as even now its place has been taken by *Mr. Wilkinson's Widows*, at which audiences can laugh their fill.

The present week is marked by a number of dramatic spring openings. At the Lyceum *The Guardsman; or, An American Girl in London* has succeeded the *Americans Abroad*. *The Poet and the Puppets*, a burlesque on *Lady Windermere's Fan*, has taken the place of *Giroflé-Girofla* at the Garden Theatre, while Mr. Alexander Salvini opens a season of standard plays at the Manhattan Opera-house on Monday night with *Don Cæsar de Bazan*. Mr. Dixey has again returned to his first love, and dedicated the Casino to burlesque with an elaborate revival of the perennial *Adonis*.

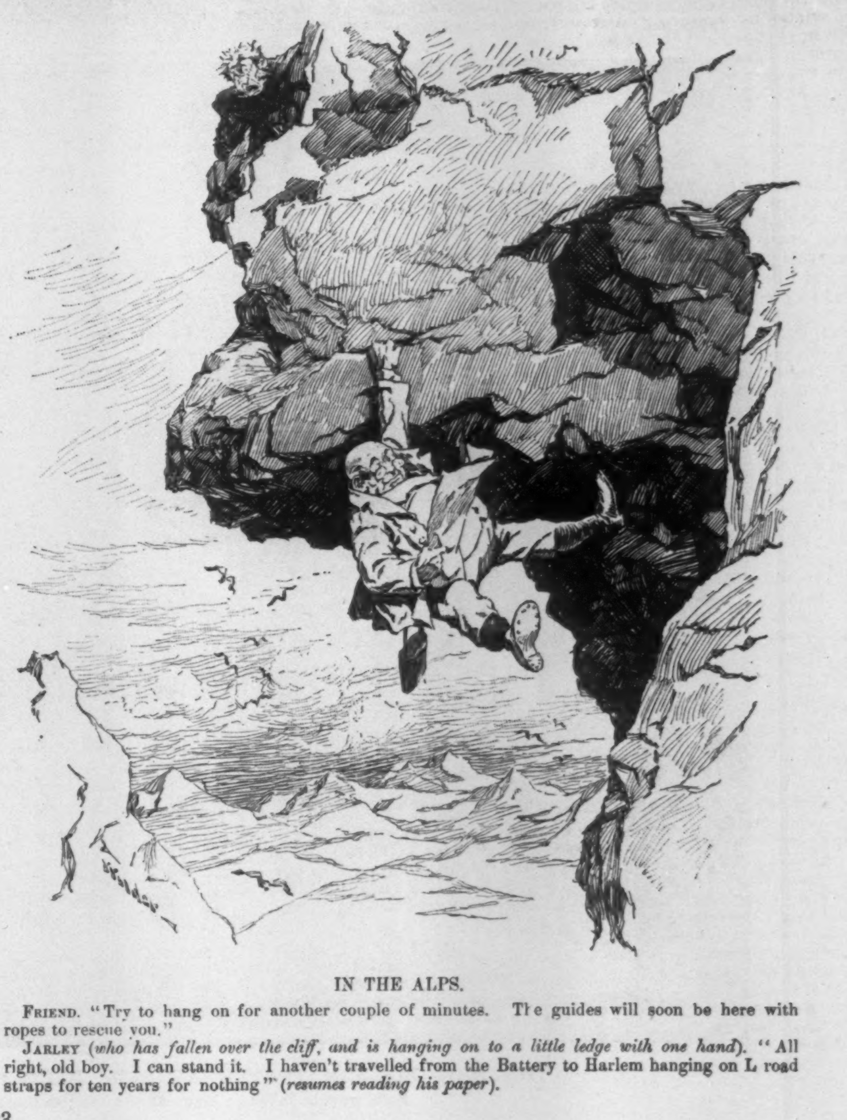
The circus—we beg its pardon—the "Greatest Show on Earth," is with us once more in all its splendor, as the theatres know, to their cost. Not, alas! the circus of our childhood, but a circus which has grown with the times, which has become *fin de siècle*, and which fairly bewilders us with its multitudinous details and magnificence of proportion. Simultaneous performances in three rings and two stages, fairly bewildering in their variety, are thrust upon our limited vision at the same time. Clowns by the dozen and athletes by the hundred go through their antics and contortions. There is so much to be seen that in our eager anxiety to see everything we end by seeing nothing, and go away with the uncomfortable feeling of having misused our opportunities. The Columbus spectacle, which concludes the performance, is certainly out of place. Not but what it is good enough of its kind, and bears evidence of much careful management, and no little outlay in the way of costumes and accessories, but the whole affair strikes one as an attempt to imitate in an enlarged form the spectacular features of grand opera. Certainly those who go to a circus neither desire nor expect to see grand opera in any form. In circus surroundings the clowns and the horses, the athletes and the chariot races, are vastly more entertaining and in keeping.

The limit of the possible in the way of a spectacular production will, from all accounts, be reached when Mr. French produces *The Prodigal Daughter* at his new "American" theatre in May. Eight thoroughbred steeple-chasers with pedigrees as long as your arm, and lengthy records of victories on the turf, ridden by professional jockeys, will be one feature. A pack of fox-hounds presented to Mr. French by the Duke of Beaufort will be another; and so on, and so forth. Every detail of the production will be arranged on the same scale of realistic magnificence. The part of a gambler, for instance, will be played by the famous English plunger known as Jubilee Juggins, who lost £250,000 in a single racing season. *The Prodigal Daughter* has had a most astonishing success in England during a period of unparalleled depression in theatrical affairs, and with all the sensational features which are promised for its New York production, it will be a matter of wonder if its success is not repeated here. The condition of affairs theatrical in London at the present time, and particularly as regards comic opera, is from all accounts sufficiently desperate. No less than three theatres where comic opera was being played were recently seized by the sheriff, and it is reported that Mr. Sedger, the manager of the principal comic opera theatre in London, the Lyric, has called a meeting of his creditors with a view of getting out of the business. The present method of doing theatrical business in London is to form a syndicate, do business on credit as long as it lasts, pay nobody, and then, when the inevitable crash comes, dissolve the syndicate, and bid your creditors and actors a polite "Good-morning"; but even then nobody makes any money.

Delibes's posthumous opera *Kassya*, which was completed by M. Massenet, was recently produced at the Opéra Comique, Paris, with great success. The music has been spoken of as being invariably tuneful, and as having occasioned a decided surprise to critics and connoisseurs by the lightness of its style, which leans more toward operetta than toward legitimate opéra comique. M. Pierre Loti's dramatization of his charming book *Pêcheurs d'Island* has proved a decided failure in Paris. *The Bauble Shop*, Henry Arthur Jones's latest play, which Mr. Wyndham will bring to this country next season, has proved its success by being burlesqued. A travesty of it, entitled *The Babble Shop; or, Lord Wyndhamere's Fun*, will be shortly produced in London. A new play by the successful dramatist Mr. Pinero, entitled *The Amazons*, which is characterized as a deft mixture of poetry and caricature, has been produced with much success in London. The Amazons of the play are the three lovely daughters of a widowed countess, who, to please her late husband, who desired boys, has trained up her female offspring as such, and the resultant complications may be imagined. A new Wagner is said to have appeared in Germany in the person of one Cyrill Kistler, whose opera or music drama, *Kunihild*, recently produced at Würzburg, scored a most overwhelming success. It is said that there is scarcely a measure in this opera to which Wagner might not willingly have put his signature, and the whole work, built up in accordance with the Leitmotiv theory, overflows with beautiful melody, and is tellingly dramatic. A new fairy opera, *Broceliande*, music by M. Lucien Lambert, has just been produced with striking success at Rouen. The music is spoken of as being original, modern, distinctive, and of real artistic value. A new play, *Prince Korsakoff*, by an American author, Mr. Harry Damm, has been secured by the Kendals, who recently inaugurated their proprietorship of the Avenue Theatre with a successful revival of *The Iron Master*, and will be produced by them in London shortly. Shakespeare's *Hamlet* will be the basis of the annual musical burlesque given by the Hasty Pudding Society at Harvard, the full title being, *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark; or, the Sport, the Spook, and the Spinster*. The New York performances will be given in Chickering Hall April 6th, 7th, and 8th.

The principal, indeed almost the only musical event of last week was the concert given by Mrs. Thurber's National Conservatory of Music, at which the names of the successful competitors in the first annual *Concours* were announced, and the prize compositions were performed, in each case under the personal direction of the composer. Four works were performed—a symphony, a piano concerto, a suite for string orchestra, and a cantata for mixed voices and orchestra. The prizes offered for these works were gained respectively by Mr. Shoenfelt, of Chicago; Mr. Joshua Phippen, of Boston; Mr. Frederick Bullard, also of Boston; and Mr. Horatio W. Parker, of New York. These works, which appeared on the programme in the order as given above, were apparently arranged in the order of their comparative excellence, the cantata being decidedly the best of the four. The symphony, described by the composer as a "Rural Symphony," though gracefully fluent, lacked inventive force and character, but might, nevertheless, be called a promising effort. The concerto, though stronger in conception and treatment, was somewhat vague, with the exception of the last movement, which was clear and effective. The suite for strings gave evidence of decided technical ability and considerable individuality and force on the part of the composer, who had evidently made Bach his model, and the subject of close and fruitful study. Mr. Parker's cantata, though short, was effectively written for both chorus and orchestra, and was worked up to a good climax, but lacked striking melody and definite purpose. No opera prizes were awarded, as none of the works sent in were judged of sufficient merit to be worthy of a prize. Owing to the number of libretti sent in, the jury will be unable to make an award before June 1st, when the result of the competition will be announced in the daily press. Taken altogether, the results of this *Concours* may be considered from one stand-point as somewhat negative, in that it did not produce a work of really notable artistic value or interest. From another stand-point, however, as showing that the field of strictly American music is by no means sterile, and that we do possess young musicians capable of doing artistic work, from whom much progress and future development may reasonably be expected, the outcome of it must be looked upon as hopeful and satisfactory. The idea itself is a good one, and worthy of all encouragement; and the Conservatory must be congratulated upon the enterprise and liberality which, having produced such promising first-fruits, may certainly be expected in the future to compass still more satisfactory results. This week we have the first performance in New York of Dr. Dvorák's masterly cantata, "The Spectre's Bride," by the Church Choral Association and the New York Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Richard Henry Warren; and M. Paderewski's last recital—both these events being for charitable purposes. It is an exceedingly graceful act on the part of M. Paderewski to devote the proceeds of his farewell recital to deserving charities, as it gives evidence of an appreciation of benefits and kindnesses received as admirable as it, unfortunately, is rare. But it is only what we would expect from a thorough artist and gentleman, as M. Paderewski has ever shown himself to be.

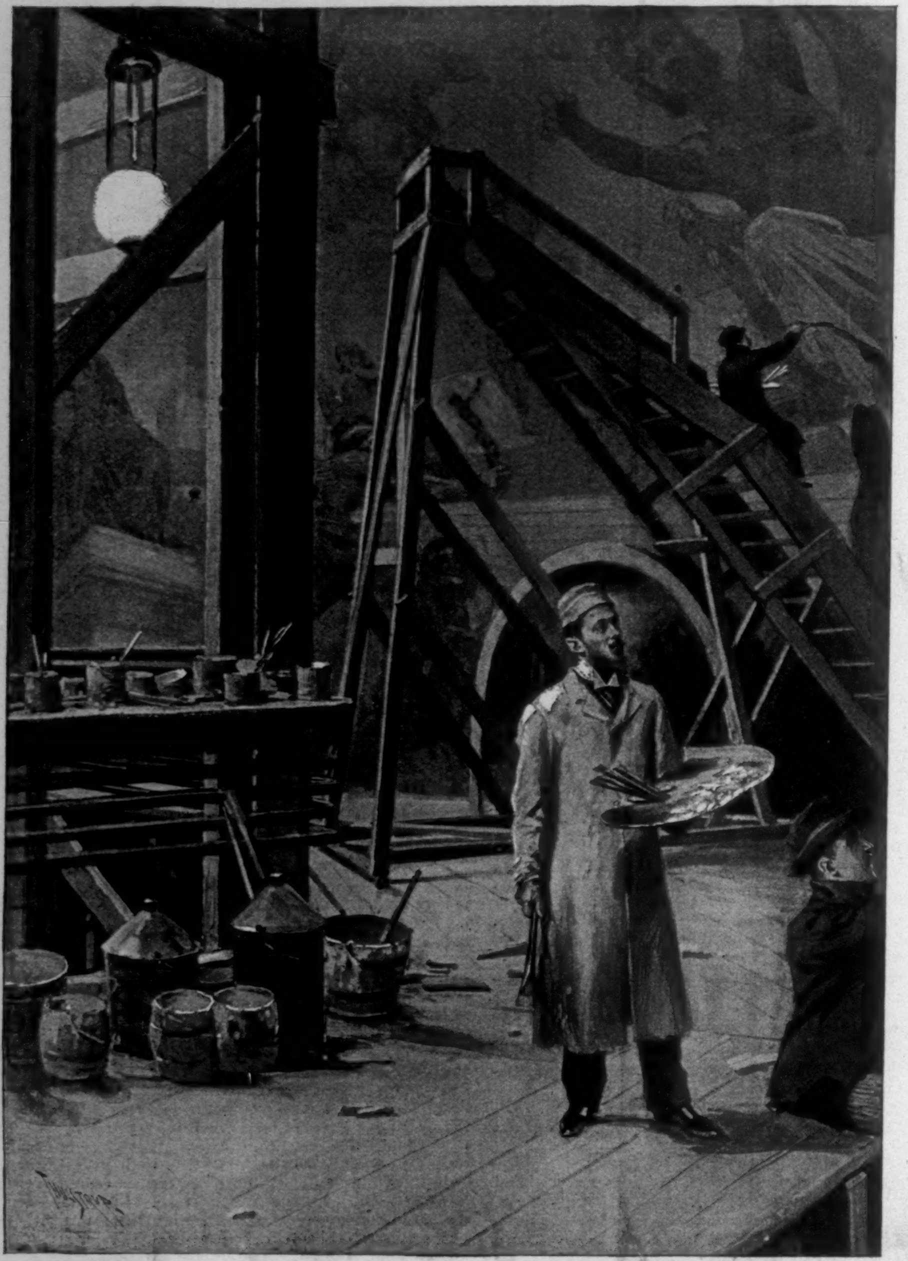
Reginald de Koven.



IN THE ALPS.

Friend. "Try to hang on for another couple of minutes. The guides will soon be here with ropes to rescue you."

Jarley (*who has fallen over the cliff, and is hanging on to a little ledge with one hand*). "All right, old boy. I can stand it. I haven't travelled from the Battery to Harlem hanging on L road straps for ten years for nothing" (*resumes reading his paper*).



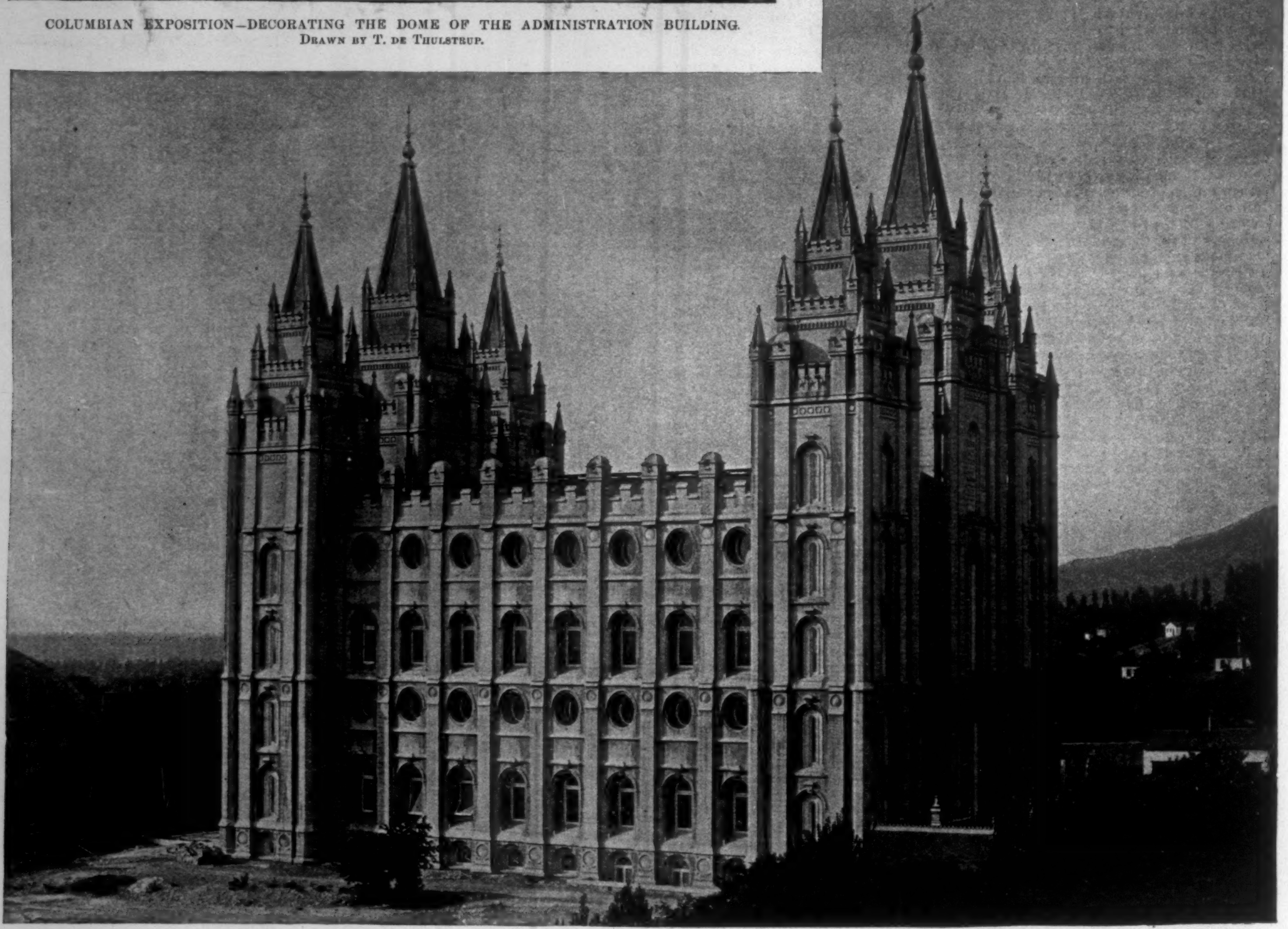
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—DECORATING THE DOME OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.
DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

MURAL DECORATIONS OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING DOME.

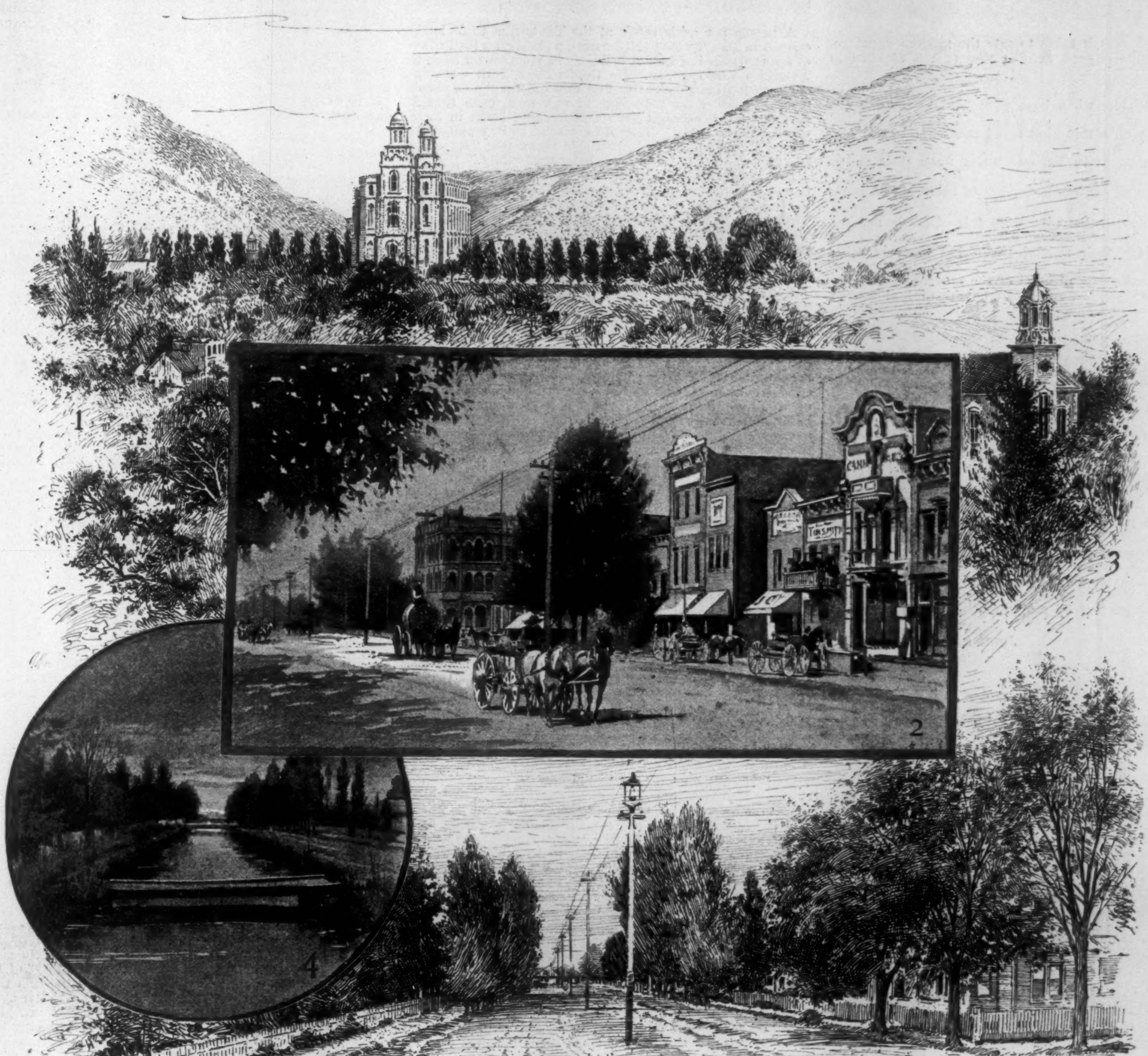
THE decoration of the inside of the great gilded dome that crowns the splendid Administration Building designed by Mr. Hunt has been confided to a young artist, Mr. William Leftwich Dodge, who is not yet twenty-five years old. Mr. Dodge, though so young in years, is not barren of honors, for five years ago he received a gold medal from the American Art Association, and three years ago he received, while a student at the École des Beaux-Arts, a third-class medal from the Paris Exposition. He did not imitate Mr. Whistler, and return this third-class medal with his third-class thanks, but was glad enough to get it. Probably his best-known picture is "The Death of the Minnesink," and this proved that he had capacity to make a large picture. Of course any painting to decorate a surface at so high an altitude as the interior dome of this building would need to be at once large and bold. Though the outside of the dome is 275 feet high, the interior is less by 85 feet. The surface he has had to paint on is 315 feet in circumference and about 40 feet in width. As his chief assistant in the work Mr. Dodge has had his brother, Robert Dodge.

The scheme of the fresco might be called a classical allegory. He has represented Apollo high on a marble throne receiving the representatives of the arts and sciences, who advance from either side bearing gifts or displaying trophies. Architecture is represented by two winged steeds drawing a car containing a model of the Parthenon. The representative of sculpture bears with him the Venus of Milo. Agriculture carries a sheaf of wheat. Besides these there are figures bearing musical instruments and flowers and various emblems. On the steps of Apollo's throne sits a mother with a beautiful and naked child. Behind Apollo sit as judges the great men of authority. Above him in the sky a nymph extends a wreath of laurel, while other nymphs draw back a sort of buff canopy.

A visit to Mr. Dodge at work is exciting to one unaccustomed to tread the rounds of ladders at dizzy heights. Indeed, it is alarming to timid souls, for after climbing a narrow winding stair till breathless, the visitor finds that the rest of the distance must be by means of a vertical ladder on the outer wall of the inner dome. And during this ascent the visitor is in almost complete darkness. Presently you emerge from this darkness upon a circular platform, and there you meet Mr. Dodge, the presiding genius of the place, very much as Mr. De Thulstrup has represented him in his picture. This room, of which the platform is the floor, is furnished principally with colors and brushes, with a small plaster model of the dome in two pieces, and a sort of stepladder on wheels, which may be rolled from side to side of the surrounding walls as the painter desires to work at different parts of his fresco. While the painter is at work close to the figures he is making, one realizes how much these figures have to be exaggerated so that they will look all right from the ground when finished. Man is but a pygmy compared with them. It is quite impossible for a layman to judge as to how effective these figures will be when the scaffolding is removed and they are viewed from the ground. But it is likely that they will be all that they should be, for Mr. Dodge was selected to do them by Mr. Millet, who is not in the habit of making mistakes.



THE NEW MORMON TEMPLE AT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 331.]
Forty years in building: begun April 6, 1853; dedicated April 6, 1893. Cost several millions of dollars.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A WEEK WITH THE MORMONS.—DRAWINGS BY VICTOR PERARD.—[SEE PAGE 326.]

1. The Temple at Logan. 2. Business Quarter of Logan. 3. Logan Tabernacle or Meeting-House. 4. Main Ditch for Irrigation, Logan. 5. A Residence Street, Logan. 6. Pavilion at Garfield Beach, Great Salt Lake. 7 and 8. Mormon Currency.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

A CIRCUS REFLECTION.

THE circus of to-day I deem a wondrous sort of thing.
Folks seem no longer satisfied with one plain sawdust ring,
But three and four it takes to sate the modern appetite;
And 'stead of one good acrobat they've ten at once in sight.

The day has gone when boys were glad to see one elephant
That couldn't do a thing but stand around and sway and pant;
To-day the mammoths have to waltz upon their nether legs,
And show the public wondrous feats of balancing on kegs;

And monkeys, too, that once were full of lovely monkey shines,
No longer play their natural tricks, but work in other lines,
And do not rouse the plaudits of the modern multitudes
Unless they're gayly dressed and taught to fool around like dudes.

I can't imagine what we'll have in 1993
If things go on developing as now they seem to be.
The camels of that coming age will have no doubt a score
Of humps upon their poor old backs, and every lion's roar

They'll set to music in that time that's coming on apace,
And hippopotami will dance the York with agile grace.
The monkey of the future they'll provide with schooner yachts,
And not a leopard will there be that cannot change his spots.

I would that I could live till that great time shall come around,
When circus tents will stretch at least o'er ten square miles of ground;
Not that I like the new-style show as much as other folks,
But I'm in hopes that by that time the clowns will have new jokes.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THIS BUSY WORLD

SOME discussion has lately arisen as to whether the surviving relations of an eminent person deceased have exclusive moral rights to print and publish his biography. The question came up in a slightly different form several years ago, when the Brookfield letters of Thackeray were published. In that case it was questioned whether any one had a moral right to print biographical matter about a man so notoriously averse as Thackeray was to having himself published. The same principle was involved, in some measure, in still a different form, in the Schuyler monument case; and now it comes up to be talked over in its bearings upon the expected memoirs of Mr. Blaine and Bishop Brooks. Mr. Blaine's official biographer has warned trespassers off of her premises with execrations and texts of Scripture, and the New York *Times* has had an editorial commenting upon a "paragraph furnished to the press by the Brooks family, or by his publishers, and requesting other parties not to write a memoir of Bishop Brooks, because Dr. Arthur Brooks intends to do it."

If Dr. Arthur Brooks is at work on a memoir of his brother, it is certainly a kindness to let that fact be known, especially to others who are minded to undertake the same task. Volumes can be written about Bishop Brooks, and possibly will be, but an authoritative life of him cannot be made at present except by the person who can add to an intimate personal knowledge of him the privilege of access to his papers. Dr. Arthur Brooks has that intimate knowledge and the papers, and it would be wasted effort to write lives of Bishop Brooks until the authorized biography is published. So in Mr. Blaine's case, there is every probability that, first and last, he will have many biographers; but none except catchpenny writers would care to attempt to write his life until Miss Dodge has published her book about him. Her intimate knowledge of Mr. Blaine, and her use of his papers, give her at least a temporary advantage over any other biographer whatever. It is a satisfaction when the authorized biographer of an eminent man does his work so thoroughly, as Lockhart did in his life of Scott, that no one cares to attempt it after him. But if the authorized biography does not seem to exhaust the subject, there is nothing but the law of copyright to hinder other biographers from entering the same field. The authorized biographer has no exclusive rights except those that copyright gives him; but he has an exclusive opportunity from the very nature of the situation. He can write the best first book because he has the best materials; and no one can hope to write a book of permanent value on his subject without first reading what he has written.

Bishop Brooks's life can probably be written once for all, as no doubt Dr. Brooks will write it. There is little chance for doubt or dispute in the record of what he did and what he was. But about Mr. Blaine there is a chance for as many biographies as of Andrew Jackson. Washington has been rewritten about of late years, very much to the advantage of readers who want to know him as he really was. Nothing approaching the last word has been said about Lincoln yet, in spite of all that has been printed about him in the last decade. Fresh lives of Napoleon and Julius Cæsar appear at irregular short intervals, and there always seems to be room for another. If a man is only great enough in politics or in war, of making many books about him there is no end. But if he is eminent in the calmer walks of life, his story can be told so as to last. Boswell wrote for all time about Johnson; so Franklin wrote about himself; so Lockhart wrote about Scott; so Trevelyan wrote about Macaulay. There are grounds for arguing against the expectation of impartiality and permanent worth in memoirs written by persons belonging to the family of their subject, but Trevelyan's book and Lockhart's were family biographies, and so is the excellent life of Darwin by his son. Outside of politics, family memoirs often become standard biographies, and inside of politics they are often permanently interesting and valuable at least, if not conclusive, as witness many of the Adams family's books about the Adamses.

A newspaper critic scoffs at the Tee-to-tum Club, lately opened in East Twenty-third Street, as being an institution of a sort which it does not believe will recommend itself to American working-men. He thinks New York working-men are too independent to find any use for "poor men's teetotums under the patronage of rich men, even though they can get low-priced grub and five-cent baths in them under teetotal rules." They do not want to be coddled, he thinks, in exemplary and charitable clubs, nor "set apart as a clan distinct from the rest of the community."

Perhaps this critic is right, and the new Tee-to-tum will not go. If the people of its neighborhood have no use for it, well and good; at least the experiment will have been tried. But it will be a pity if the possible patrons of the club are kept out of it by such considerations as this critic suggests. Men who patronize a Tee-to-tum are no more set apart as a distinct clan than men who patronize any other club, nor is it a peculiarity of the Twenty-third Street Tee-to-tum that it is under the patronage of rich men. A number of the most successful clubs in town are on the same basis, notably the new Millionaires' Club, on Fifth Avenue, which could never have existed if a few rich men had not put up the money for it. So the Players Club is an exemplary institution founded by a gentleman of means for the benefit of certain of his fellows, yet it seems not to be shunned either through fear of being coddled or of clannishness. Low-priced grub, provided it is good, and five-cent baths, and social converse, are mighty good things, and not so abnormally prevalent in New York as to be neglected for fanciful reasons. It is the special province of clubs to provide such luxuries, and a principal reason why the average man joins a club is to get them good in quality and cheap. Teetotal clubs are not very common in New York, but they prosper in smaller cities, and out of the abundant population of the East Twenty-third Street neighborhood there must be a good many people to whom teetotal rules would not be obnoxious. The wealthy proprietors of most of the existing working-men's clubs in Gotham are brewers, but there seems to be no good reason why a single class of capitalists should monopolize so inviting a field for investment.

And, by-the-way, it would be a great boon if some exemplary and charitable capitalist who wants to coddle us would set up a series of restaurants in New York after the pattern of the Duvals in Paris. They need not necessarily be teetotal; if they were, they would not be Duvals; but if they could supply any such food and drink at any such prices as obtain in the Parisian Duvals, and under comparably comfortable conditions, they would meet the traditional long-felt want, and deserve, and probably achieve, an overwhelming success.

Professor Wilcox has been looking up the marriage statistics, and reports, in the *Political Science Quarterly*, that marriage is falling off in the United States, while divorce is rapidly increasing. Some one says that this is burning the candle at both ends, and stands aghast at the possible results. But closer observers will not need to be told that divorce does not necessarily diminish the number of married persons, but is apt, on the contrary, to increase it. Though not a statistical statement, it is a matter of common observation that "parties" do not go to the trouble and expense of getting divorced unless one or the other of them has a definite purpose of getting married again. Oftentimes both have such a purpose, or develop it as soon as they are free to do so, so that I should be surprised to learn that the statistics did not show an average of at least one marriage resulting from every divorce. How far this is a consoling consideration may be questioned; but at least it helps the belief that marriage is not really getting unpopular, and that people who have once formed the habit of it do not readily break it off.

It might naturally be supposed that the Father of Centennials was no less a patriarch than old Father Time himself, but it seems that this title is claimed for one Peyton, of New Jersey, of whom it is alleged that he is the responsible originator of all the centennials we have been having, from Bunker Hill in 1875 to the impending fair at Chicago. Moreover, it is stated that this relentless being, not yet glutted with commemoration, is at work on an international celebration of the birth and death of Christ, to be held at Jerusalem in the year 1900.

If Colonel Peyton has any friends, they will confer a favor by purchasing storage for him in some good safe-deposit company, and locking him up there, and depositing the key to him in the East River. This generation has had plenty of centennials. It does not want to go to any more, ever, after this year. So that Heaven sends it strength and means to make a thorough job of the Chicago Fair, it will never ask to see another show of more importance than the late Mr. Barnum's circus, and it will not look at that unless it is brought around to its door. After all the centennials that it has experienced, nothing less than a millennial could possibly start its enthusiasm, and happily Colonel Peyton and all the rest of us will be permanently at rest years and years before the times are ripe for a millennial at Jerusalem.

There is a good text in a recent newspaper paragraph which records that Camille Delcommune, described as the most brilliant business man in the Congo Valley, met his death last December by sunstroke caught while speaking with his hat off at the grave of one of his subordinates. The moral is not, "Keep your hat on at funerals," though that is good advice in other climates than that of the Congo. The point of the incident is the light it seems to throw on the character of this successful man—a man of extreme push and vigilance, a strict disciplinarian, whose white subordinates "had to make money for the company or get out," and yet obviously one who looked upon his employés not as mere "hands," but as men who were worth considering even after their work was finished. That a man without sentiment is only half a man will be generally conceded; but there is not so wide an appreciation of the analogous fact that a business man without sentiment is only half a business man. Yet it is a fact. Ask Dr. Depew or Philip Armour if he does not think so.

It is to be hoped that the Rapid Transit Commissioners will be favorably affected by the protest of the trustees of Columbia College against the encroachment of an elevated railroad upon the boundaries of their new site. The neighborhood which is to be graced by the new college buildings, St. John's Cathedral, and St. Luke's Hospital is one to which thousands of Americans in and out of New York look with eager and hopeful anticipations. It ought to be to New York what the neighborhood of Westminster Abbey and the Parliament Houses is to London, a region which will invite the soul and kindle the imagination, and near which people who like to have their souls invited and their aspirations stirred may choose to live. Any "improvements" that will mar the prospective beauties of this exceptional district will injure the city in one of the few places it has in which artistic considerations ought to be held superior even to convenience.

E. S. MARTIN.

THE GREAT QUADRIGA.

THE most imposing of all the groups of statuary to be seen at the World's Fair will be the great quadriga which will soon be in place on the top of the gateway in the peristyle called the Water Gate or the Discoverer's Gate. This quadriga is the joint work of Mr. D. C. French and Mr. E. C. Potter, the former executing the figures, the latter the horses. Briefly described it is a Roman chariot drawn by two pairs of horses, each pair led by a graceful maiden. In the chariot Columbus stands erect, typifying the spirit of discovery in the fifteenth century. Either side of the chariot is an outrider, a youth in mediæval costume on a sturdy horse. The whole composition is effective and noble in aspect, and when in place on the pylon above the grand archway will form the artistic climax, so to speak, of the whole group of buildings around the grand court. The figure of Columbus is about twelve feet high, and the horses and other figures in proportion.

The sketch Mr. De Thulstrup has made represents the horses and riders while the figures were still in the Forestry Building, and while they were receiving their finishing touches.

A WEEK WITH THE MORMONS.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

FINDING myself in Salt Lake City for the first time the other day, I went directly to the heads of the Mormon Church, and put myself in their charge. In all probability it was that indefinable thing called "the newspaper instinct" that made me do it—the same that once told me that a man I was hunting New York to find was just disappearing from sight behind a door, although the door was the entrance to an evil place and the man was a minister of the gospel. I had never seen him, but it was he. That is the same instinct that once caused a friend of mine, afterwards a distinguished editor, to bolt down the yawning staircase of an underground oyster saloon on Broadway. "A news current came up out of the cellar—a perceptible current of magnetism—and pulled me down there," he afterward said, gravely; "and just as I entered the restaurant one man shot another dead."

For further particulars as to this remarkable but undoubted mind current, the newspaper instinct, I refer the reader to the various psychical research societies, or to any newspaper man who really has a right to be so called. Should I preface my story with any more illustrations of its magic, the reader would prepare himself for a very different tale than the one I am now about to write down. It is, after all, only part of another of those studies of the far Western States which I have been making for the editors of the HARPER periodicals.

Being landed in Salt Lake City at daybreak not long before Election day, 1892, I was surprised and affected by the beauty of the city. Upon seeing Denver in the crystal-clear light of its atmosphere, and with its beautiful view of the Rockies always over my shoulder, I had for the first time acknowledged that it would be possible for me to live away from the sea with at least some degree of happiness. But Denver is only an appetizer to be taken before seeing Salt Lake City—at least so far as the beauty of its surroundings is concerned. Denver's mountains are distant, and sometimes have to be looked for 'round a corner, whereas Salt Lake City is right against its mountains, and they all but wall it in. Not only that, but it is so broad and open and clear a town, and it is so lavishly set with beautiful trees, that there is no comparing it with any other city. It is a city with country improvements. Of course it is not elegant and rich and bustling and crowded with all the latest elegances like Denver, and I have not pretended that it was, but it is first in its own class—a great tree-littered, elbow-roomy, overgrown village, if you please, with all its electric-light and car poles along the middle of its streets, so that the trees and the wires may not interfere with one another; with its everlastingly queer Tabernacle rounding up like a brown roc's egg, and its three-and-a-quarter-million-dollar Temple lifting its many towers of granite above all but the mountains, as if conscious that it and they both elevate the soul and eye alike.

Thinking thus pleasantly of the countrified capital of the Latter-Day Saints, I made my way—no cab or 'bus interfering to help me—down a very long, very broad street, under a splendid line of Lombardy poplars and box-elders, to the new hotel, which, by-the-way, is one of the two thousand really first-class hotels in which the West is so rich. I passed ever so many scores of tidy little boxlike dwellings, mostly frame ones as I recall them, and thought as I always do when I see many detached homes of a small size in a place, what a grand good thing it is that there is no other place in America like New York (where men and women and helpless little children are herded in barracks), and that there are so many cities in which whole families feel the pride and joy of independence, of all that goes with true homes. Why, I believe that no one thing contributes more to America's greatness than her unparalleled number of citizens who are their own landlords.

Thus farther delighted, I reached the hotel and was barbered, and got the morning paper and my breakfast. Then it was that I determined to go to the officers of the Church of Latter-Day Saints and give myself over to their care. Having so decided, the next thing was to think what I should say to the Mormons.

"I first noticed your people," I made up my mind to say, "when I first crossed the country years ago. I had come from San Francisco, and was in a train that was rolling over a particularly deserted and wretched desert, when all at once the waste, brown, dead-looking land became green with grain fields and pastures and hay meadows. Neat houses, prosperous-looking groups of out-buildings, flower beds, and happy-faced, well-clad persons sprang up as if I was riding on a magic carpet and had wished myself in Illinois. I was told that these were Mormon wonder-workers who had brought about this splendid transformation. Now here I am again in Mormonland, and I would like to see something more than an express-train view of you all."

Next I thought I would say that I recollected reading an account by one of Brigham Young's daughters of her schoolgirl days, in which account she sought to show how happy and human and gentle were the pleasures and the training of Mormon children. What she wrote did not affect the main question before the people at that time, which was the question whether polygamy should be practised in violation of our laws, but nevertheless she drew a very pretty picture of a very happy household of little folks, who might have existed in New England, except that they would have had more fathers had they been so much farther East. I promised myself I would tell the Mormons about that echo of in-door life in Utah, and would ask to see some of their homes—a good deal to ask if the reader loses sight of the fact that "journalistic instinct" was at work; but keeping that in mind such a request will seem quite moderate and in keeping.

I found Mr. Angus Cannon, and I said all that I had planned to say. Whether he is an apostle or a bishop or a plain saint I do not know, but he is a brother of George Q. Cannon, the wisest and most forceful man in the Mormon Church, and a counsellor to the head of that body. "I am not out here to open old sores," said I, "nor to stuff any controversial points with straw, and knock them about for the edification of either Gentiles or Mormons. I have seen all the rest of the people between the Mississippi and the Rockies, and now I want to see the Mormons. It is an old story to say that the results reached by your settlers and the changes brought about on your desert land are among the wonders of the West, but it will be a new story, perhaps, to tell what sort of folks you are, and how you live and think and talk. Therefore let me see some thoroughly Mormon community, where Gentiles have nothing to do with the public management, and introduce me so that I can see the home life of the people there."

Any one might have supposed that Mr. Angus Cannon had been approached in precisely that manner three times a day for many years, so entirely at ease was he, and so calmly and readily did he make answer,

"The only difficulty about that," said he, "is to hit upon the best town for the purpose."

Afterwards, when I employed a photographer and asked him if he was a Mormon, the man of the camera said that he was indeed, and why did I ask? Was it because I did not see his horns? Well, as to his horns, he was sorry to say he had none. He supposed they would begin to grow out when he got older.

"I told a man once," he added, "that I was a Mormon, and he said: 'You don't say so! I thought Mormons were queer-looking people and had horns.'"

Since my reader may wonder what sort of persons they really are, suffice it if it is noted here that they are precisely like the people of the West generally—the Americans being very American indeed, the Germans being more or less German, the Scandinavians being light-haired and industrious as they are at home, and so on to the end. But it is of especial value to say that Mr. Angus Cannon is of old Scotch stock, and that nearly all the leading men to whom he made me known were New-Yorkers or Virginians or Kentuckians or New Jersey born, or perhaps from one or another of the original thirteen colonies. I considered anew that such blood as that is apt to be good, and that this was why they were on top in that Church. Mr. Cannon would have passed for a Mississippi steamboat captain if he had been in St. Louis. He introduced me to his sons—four of them, I think—and one of them was an Ann Arbor graduate and a Democrat. The others were Republicans, and so was he. He introduced me to a Captain Young, a West Point graduate and son of Brigham Young, who looked the American army officer all over, though he has retired from the service. To each one of these persons Mr. Cannon told my story, and of each he asked where I had better go. Nearly every one said I had better go to the Cache (pronounced "cash") Valley, but one or two halted over a place called Provo.

Finally we met Bishop William B. Preston, and in his hands Mr. Cannon left me and went his way. Bishop Preston is a Virginian, and of a fine type of sturdy American manhood—a middle-aged, kindly man, gentle but firm and strong in appearance, speech, and methods. In Virginia he would be set down for a well-to-do man in a large country town—a country banker, for instance. His place in the Church is called "the Presiding Bishopric." He has two counsellors, sits in the counting-room of the great tithing depot in Salt Lake City, and I hazard the guess that he has charge of the property of the Church, and is the man of affairs who cares for the material possessions of the great organization.

He also seemed to take me and my errand as a matter of course, just as he would have regarded a flurry of snow or a request for the time of day. It is true that I had now explained myself to half a dozen men, and was going off with another who was also to hear me and judge me. It might be said that I was passing in review before all these persons, and yet that seemed to me to be mere accident. At all events we went to look at the Tabernacle, than which there is not, of all man's handiwork in America, anything more curious and unique. It stands on a square block of grass behind the mysterious but beautiful Temple which cost millions, and in which—though that is for another chapter.

"We used to meet in a bowery here," said Bishop Preston, "in the shade of foliage out-of-doors, but one day Brigham Young said we needed a more serviceable bowery, and he planned and built this Tabernacle. You would call it a church, but we call our society the church, and our churches we call tabernacles."

I turned and looked at the strange building, so familiar in pictures, with its long low walls cut by doors between each buttress of supporting stone-work, and upon its rounded domelike roof shaped like half of an egg that has been cut lengthwise.

"There never was a building like it in the world," said the bishop. "It was Brigham Young's idea."

In we went and stood in the enormous interior in which 6000 persons may sit on any day, and 10,000 can be seated if stools are brought in. Not even Henry Ward Beecher's old Plymouth Church is more plain and bare. It is just a great hall with a wide gallery around three sides, with little wooden posts, which look like marble, to support the gallery; with battalions of pews on the floors, and a gigantic organ at one end rising above the greatest choir space I ever saw in a church. And that, in turn, is above a terraced series of platforms leading down to the main floor, like a very broad but short staircase.

A man stood at the end of the church. He said: "Go up in the gallery and walk to the other end of the building. It is 250 feet long and 140 feet wide, yet when I whisper you will hear me, so perfect are the acoustic properties of the building. I walked the length of the church. My footsteps were repeated so many times in echoes that the reverberation sounded like a drummer's roll-call—almost as if 'twas a regiment a-marching. From where I stood at last the man who had spoken looked like a boy. He held up his hand. "Answer me in a natural tone when I speak to you. I am going to whisper." (Then the whisper came, distinctly, "Can you hear me whisper? I am going to drop a pin on this altar rail, see if you hear it.") He held the pin two inches above the rail and dropped it. I heard it as if—as I never supposed a pin could make itself heard a foot away. "And now," said the man, "see and hear what I do now." He rubbed his hands together, and a sound like a loud rustle of silk floated through the hall. Afterwards I sat by that amiable and ingenious man, and saw him go through the performance for others. The only trick was in the building. I offered the man half a dollar.

"Oh, no," said he; "we do not sell the attentions that visitors get from us."

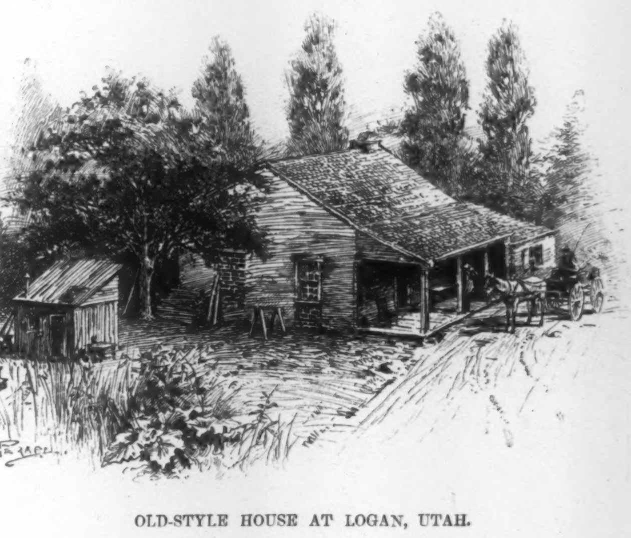
I said I would like to give something to the church.

"We do not want it," said the man; "but you can pay it into the Temple Building Fund, and get a receipt for it."

I did so, and got a receipt on a printed blank like this:

$50/100 Series B 5.
No. 307.

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, *Oct.* 15, '92.
Received from............Julian Ralph..............................
.................................N. Y. City...................
....50/100 Dollars, in Cash.
W. B. PRESTON,
By N. R.
On Account Voluntary Offering
to the Salt Lake Temple.



OLD-STYLE HOUSE AT LOGAN, UTAH.

Bishop Preston, seated with me in the echo-haunted hall, then told me what I would see were it Sunday. In the choir space I would see 300 trained singers and the organist. At the top of the terraces of benches would sit President Wilford Woodruff (the Brigham Young of to-day), an aged man who knew the founders of the Church, was long an Apostle, and now is "Presiding High Priest." He has two counsellors, and all three compose what is called the First Presidency of the Church. Next below—one step down—I would see such of the Twelve Apostles as might be then in Salt Lake City and their President. These, I was told, are gifted eloquent preachers and theologians. Then would be seen on lower tiers "the Seventies," who now number 100 quorums of seventy ministers each. Every Seventy has seven Presidents, who are the directors of the group. The seven First Presidents of the Seventies are the directors of all the Seventies in the world. They are ministers, spreaders of the gospel. Their work is that of the Apostles, who are too few in number to do what is required, and therefore have this assistance. Next below would be seen, on a Sunday, the Presidents of Stakes—a stake being what we call a county. These diocesan rulers have spiritual control over all the bishops, whom they instruct and direct. Next would come the Eighties, or elders, of whom there is a host. They are often called upon to preach, and are preparing to become "Seventies," or full-fledged preachers. Next would be seen the Presiding Bishops in charge of the temporal affairs of the Church. The Presiding High Priest, his two counsellors, the Apostles, and the Presiding Bishops, are the general officers of the Church. On each side of these terraced platforms was an enclosure, railed off. One was for the Bishops of Wards, and the other for High Councillors and High Priests. Ending the series of departments, between the leaders and the plain saints, was the communion table, on which the bread and water rest every Sunday.

Bishop Preston went on to say that in addition to these officers were many others. Every bishop has two counsellors, for instance. Then there is an army of priests, teachers, and deacons. They are scattered in every ward. The teachers go from house to house among the saints, inquiring into the spiritual and worldly needs of the people. The priests follow if spiritual stirring is needed; others follow if worldly help is wanted. In every ward the women maintain their societies also.

"Why," said I, not irreverently, "it's like the Spanish army. Nearly every one wears shoulder-straps."

"Yes," said the bishop. "In the Mormon Church every man who is earnest and trustworthy and is possessed of ordinary sense is elevated to some office or other. Therefore all such are doubly spurred and interested."

I had been told by some Gentiles that I would not be allowed to enter the great Temple. I was therefore not surprised or disappointed when Bishop Preston said that the Temple was full of workmen, and could not then be seen. It is the *sanctum sanctorum*, and I never dreamed of entering it. But the bishop talked much about it, calling to my attention the fact that its name, "the Temple," was another name for that "Endowment House" of which scandalous things had been charged by the Gentiles in times gone by. It is there that the saints are sealed to their wives and the children are baptized when they reach eight years of age. There, also, the bishop told me, the saints pursue the trying course of being baptized over and over again for their ancestors, in order that the dead who had no opportunity to know the gospel may be saved after all. A saint, I was told, will undergo the ordeal for every ancestor of whom he can learn the name. To be sure, most of us are said not to know who were our grandparents; but, on the other hand, some of us are descended from Brian Boru. And in Utah there are men who trace their line back to famous men of England and Scotland, and must be baptized for scores of dead progenitors, each repetition of the ceremony taking the best part of a day, from eight o'clock in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon. Perhaps I was deceived as to this, but it will not be easy to make me think that those who were so undeviatingly kind to me for many days were deceivers at the same time.

After being introduced to many Mormons it came to be luncheon-time, and I was invited to join the family circle of one of my new-made acquaintances. I must draw the line at the door of a private house, and cannot say a word to indicate whose it was. The husband as he approached his garden gate called my attention to the sparkling water coursing down the street gutter, and then to a bit of board beside it. He took up the board, dropped it into a pair of slots in the side of the gutter, and thus dammed the flow, and turned it instantly and full head into his garden. The performance was a familiar one to me, but perhaps the reader does not understand it. The street gutter was an irrigation ditch. The water was that of a mountain stream, tapped high up in the hills. There was the secret of the rich greenery of Salt Lake City, and, for that matter, of the marvellous transformation of Utah from desert to garden. There, too, was seen the only, yet confident, hope of the people of the Dakotas, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, and Nevada—that vast empire of arid land that looks to irrigation to duplicate in the West the imperial wealth of the agriculture of the East. How simple it was! A stream tapped, a rivulet running in the gutter, a block of wood to dam it, and—result, a laughing garden full of grass and flowers and fruit.

Left alone, in-doors, in my first Mormon house, I noticed only one thing, at the outset, that I had never seen in any other house. It was a scroll of Mormon texts hanging in the hall. It displayed on the outer sheet a text from the book called *The Doctrine and Covenants*. Perhaps 'twas this:

> **"21. Take upon you the name of Christ, and speak the truth in soberness.**
>
> **"22. And as many as repent and are baptized in my name, which is Jesus Christ, and endure to the end, the same shall be saved.**
>
> **"23. Behold, Jesus Christ is the name which is given of the Father, and there is none other name given whereby man can be saved."**

But presently being asked to amuse myself for a few moments, I discovered that the burden of literature on the centre table in the sitting-room was nearly all Mormon. Most interesting of all was a Mormon periodical aiming to publish the early records of the pioneers who came to Utah to escape annoyance and build a world of their own. Strange heroic stories they were—of caravans of Americans pushing out to a point half the width of the continent beyond civilization, to an alkali plain of which their leader said, "This is the place that was revealed to me." Tales of thirst, of Indians, of murder, of misadventure of every sort these were; followed by records of ship-loads of Europeans toiling along over the wilderness. What must have been the sensation of the men of Berlin and Edinburgh and London in that country in those days?

For the rest, the gay carpet, lace curtains, the piano, the canary, the furniture, and the pictures, were all very like the contents of an Eastern parlor in Gentiledom.

Called to follow the host to the dining-room, I confronted the first wife and daughter of a Mormon that I had ever met. The mother was an Eastern woman of prim and matronly appearance, and with great strength of character deep-lined in her face. I would have said she was a reformer, or a principal of a school. The daughter was very beautiful, of the type of which we think in New York that Miss Georgia Cayvan is the best representative. She was about twenty years of age, full but graceful of figure, with nut-brown hair and great dreamy eyes. She was spirited and witty; her mother was sober and practical. The daughter was already a leader among the women of the Territory in ways apart from the Church. Of the mother I learned nothing. The meal began with an offer of thanks to the Almighty, and was sufficiently bounteous to have warranted a longer and heartier grace. We talked of the Japanese, and I told how I had learned that the characters that stand for words with the Japanese were originally pictures.

"And what do you suppose was the sign for 'trouble'?" I inquired.

No one could guess.

"Two women in one house," said I.

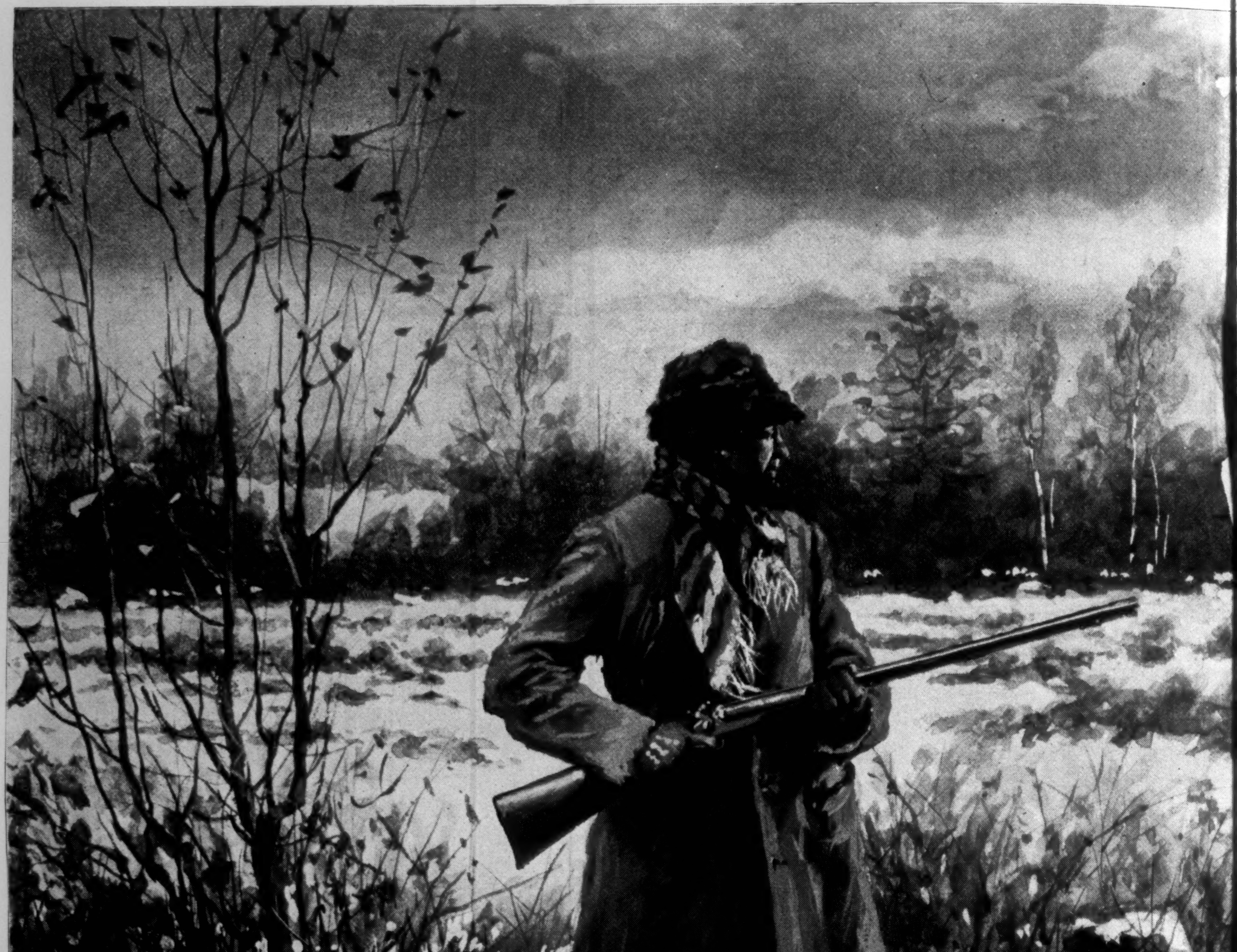
"Ah," said the elder lady, gravely, while the others were still laughing, "our Mormon brethren have found out the truth of that."

Then the conversation turned upon other themes, and I learned that too many Mormon boys and girls were allowed to go to Garfield Beach—the Coney Island of Salt Lake—on Sundays, preferring music and gayety and Sabbath-breaking crowds to the peace of home and the lasting benefits of church attendance.

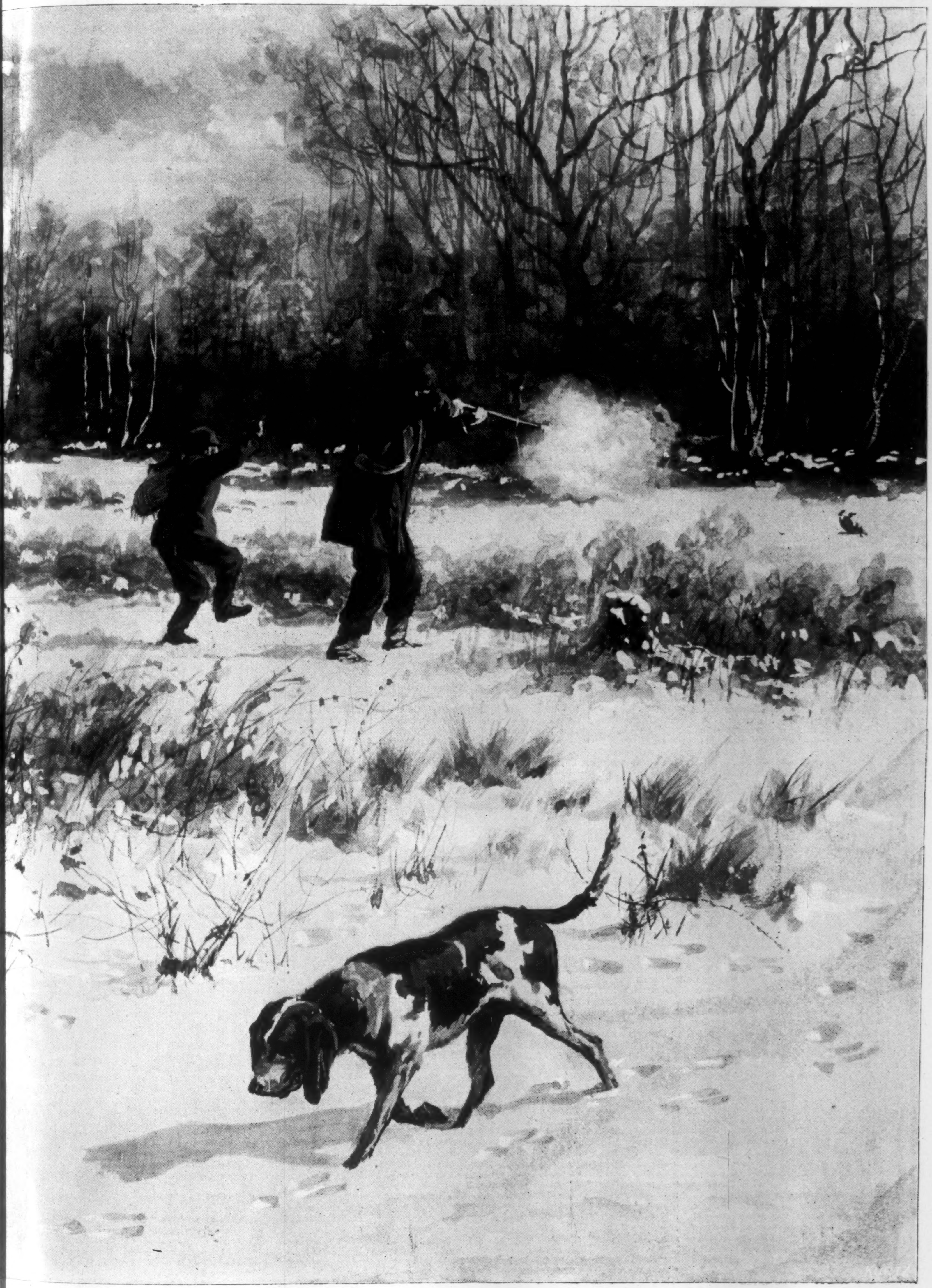
"This frivolity of the young is a new thing to us," said the father, "and I suspect it is in the air, for I hear the same stories among all people everywhere."

Out-of-doors, I said to a Mormon, "You've dropped polygamy."

(*Continued on page 330.*)



RABBIT-SHOOTING.—



Drawn by A. B. Frost.

(*Continued from page* 327.)

"Yes," said he; "we do not teach it any more. We have no wish to prolong the conflict, or to have any conflict, with our government."

"I have an idea it was not popular with your women."

"The women have never liked it or advocated it," said he; "but they understand that it was sanctioned by the Church, and that it was best for the race. It left no excuse for or possibility of a class of evil women in our communities, it left no surplus women uncared for, since men took wives according to their means; and there were other points to be urged for it in the direction of ensuing healthy offspring—the offspring of the sturdy instead of the offspring of the weak, as in monogamy."

"Were you married more than once?"

"No; but I never had one wife. I was married to two at once. I have been imprisoned for my course in that regard. The law has separated me from one wife, but it could not make me promise to abandon her to distress; it could not prevent me from taking care of her, and seeing that she never wants while she lives. You will not be believed if you quote me," he went on; "perhaps you won't believe me yourself; but we are as good Americans in our loyalty as any in the land. Your flag is mine, and we are the only people in the United States who call the Constitution an 'inspired document.' I would not do a thing hostile to the government any more than you would. Among us here are men whose ancestors helped to found this country. Can you say any more?"

Back through the streets, under the poplars and elders, the locusts and the cottonwoods, I made my way to the tithing-office and to Bishop Preston. The tithes are paid in kind; that is to say, of ten cows one is given, of ten tons of hay a ton is given. The tithing-place was enclosed by a stone wall, originally built for possible use as a haven from the Indians. In the enclosure and in the buildings there were cows and horses, kegs of honey, dressed meat, hay, bags of rag carpet, flour, bacon—a thousand kinds of produce. In one place was a sort of salesroom, and men and women were buying provender.

"Notice the money that they use," said the bishop.

I saw that it was green paper money. I changed a half-dollar for a shinplaster of it because of the fine picture of the Temple upon it.

"When we give aid to our poor," said the bishop, "it takes the form of that money. When the poor come here to buy what they need, they hold their heads as high as any. If we gave them orders on the store, they would be betrayed; but as it is, no one is the wiser."

Very pretty, I thought. The more I inquired, however, the more I was satisfied that these industrious, practical church folks have as little use for pauperism as the West in general has for drones. The poor are assisted only to the near limit of short patience. Then they are made to understand that they will do better by working.

The tithing system puzzled me. I could not, nor can I yet, understand how any organization could succeed in inducing its two hundred thousand members to give up a tenth of their capital or of their earnings. That it, like so very much else of Mormonism, is based on Old Testament writ, does not explain the latter-day application of the case. I said so to one saint.

"What do you give for a pew in your church?" he asked.

"Forty dollars," said I.

"Well, the average tithe among our people is not so much. We find it to be thirty-five dollars. And as you know what your money goes for, so do we trace ours. As a rule, the bulk of it is spread around among those who give it. It builds ward assembly-houses, temples, tabernacles, and so on; it buys land; it gives to the poor; it employs mechanics, laborers, teamsters—it is all scattered again. To be sure, there are saints whose tithes in a year may amount to a great deal. I have in mind a merchant who paid $2000 this year. But in the same way that he got rich he gets back his tithes—in great part, at least. He contracts to do the church work, to outfit a gang of laborers, to furnish or paint a building. There is no mystery and no hardship about it."

In the evening I went to Logan, in the Cache Valley, by means of a railroad run of a few hours northward from Salt Lake City, and near the Idaho line.

In all my Western travelling, Logan is the prettiest country place I have yet seen. It would be difficult for me to picture to the reader's mind a more charming, enchanting spot than this Mormon village, that dots a lovely park or bit of prairie that is walled around by chains of stately mountains, whose sides are all deeply furrowed and heavily ribbed. The valley was half sage-brush and half alkali forty years ago—an old lake-bed, no doubt—and yet to-day it is a glorious garden. Asbury Park, which has been built in a forest by cutting streets and building sites out from among the trees, has not a tenth so many forest trunks, and not a thousandth part such beautiful or such valuable ones. Trees which no man can reach around have been planted in lines along each curb and within each door-yard. Behind these, in every yard and garden, are still other trees, so thickly scattered that the pretty little cottages of the town are more than half hid among leafage, and a view of the town from the nearest mountain-side is a sight of clouds of foliage, broken only by the towering granite spires of the Mormon Temple and the massive bulk of the granite Tabernacle.

The sparkling water of the Logan River, tapped upon a mountain-side, is led so cleverly through the town that each gutter on each side of every street is a rushing, plashing mountain rill. Gates which look to the lay beholder like tiny cataracts are opposite each garden, and the melody of rippling, singing water fills the air—that air already so freighted with the sweet breathings of the trees and the mingling essence of a million flowers. The great broad streets, with the electric wires on poles in the middle of each roadway, the small and cozy dwellings, the thick orchards, the flower beds, the shade trees, the walled in tithing-house, the rat-tat of frequent saddle-horses, the cows streaming through town at dusk, the fierce glare of the sun in the clear sky, the purpling, blushing, ever-changing mountains—these are but a few of the details that memory sends leaping back to my eyes. The busy trading street, the neatly dressed hardy men, and plump and rather saucy-seeming Mormon lasses come next in view; and I think that if I had to describe both men and women, I would say that they form just such a population as one finds in out-of-the-way Eastern places like Gettysburg or Whitehall.

Ah! but to climb the near mountain and look down is the best of the things to do. Then the valley is seen to be checkered with villages and farms alternately—now a town, and now great tracts of farm land. There are twenty-one villages in sight, and each is but the huddling-place of so many farmers. They live as their kind do in Turkey and the Orient generally, building all together, and going to the outlying farms to do each day's work before returning to the houses, where the women have had each other's company and that of the old men and children. It was in 1859–60 that seventeen young men, with younger wives, and a baby that came at about the same time, moved into the valley, and built close by one another on both sides of what is now the depot street. Each took ten or twenty acres of farm land a mile or more up the valley, with five acres for pasturage in yet another locality. Some men wanted more land, even sixty acres.

"How will you cultivate it?" they were asked.

"Why, we are going to have sons," they said.

"Then wait till you get them, and there will be land for them in their turn."

All together the settlers built an irrigating ditch, each digging his part according to the land he held. They washed the salt out of the earth, and it blossomed under the same ditches thus led through the farms. And every year these men, with pick and shovel, cleared out each one his bit of the main ditch after the winter had heaped and choked and torn it. To-day that water goes with the land, and the hired men keep the ditch in repair for the owners. How different from the usual American plan, whereby one man seizes a water right, and calls his "grab" a dukedom, and extorts so many dollars a year from all the settlers—for himself and his children, even unto the fourth and fifth generation!

The Indians—magnificent big Shoshones—came once a week and demanded oxen, or flour, or whatever. They were treated kindly, because Brigham Young always taught that it was cheaper to feed an Indian than to fight him.

"What do they want? Cows?" he once inquired. "Well, is it not better to give up all your cows than to see a neighbor, or even a child, killed?"

But he believed the Indians seldom made exorbitant demands, whereas they certainly did so in Logan on a certain day, when 300 of them, in war-paint, demanded ten oxen and an immense amount of grain. After that the settlers had to loan their remaining oxen to one another—one working a team consisting of his own beast and his neighbor's one day, the other the next. Thus, from 1847 until now, and from Mexico to Canada, these peculiar people have got along with the Indians, and to-day they have tamed a half a thousand of them near this valley, and have actually taught them to farm in earnest.

It was Brigham Young's idea that the Mormons should remain a pastoral people. He taught that the surest wealth was in agriculture; and so it comes that one sees the valleys peopled and cultivated, while the mountains, that are full of metalliferous ores, are for the most part neglected—to an extent unknown in the neighboring States, each one of which, except Wyoming, was first opened and settled by miners. It was Young's idea to put the telegraph poles in the middle of the streets, but then he believed in enormous streets. In Logan the streets are six rods wide, and the blocks are six times as long. But in Salt Lake City the blocks are forty rods long. The effect is grand. The system has more merits than disadvantages.

I went to the Tabernacle on a Sunday. The general service is at two o'clock, and then at night the saints of each neighborhood assemble in their ward meeting-houses. The service in the Tabernacle disappointed me. The huge plain interior was peculiar in that the galleries were bent down at one end to meet the elevated choir space—which as yet contains no organ, by-the-way. Instead there was a melodeon, and two violinists stood beside the leader. There were thirty-five well-trained voices in the choir, and the singing was good. The service began with the song of "Home, Sweet Home," the words being altered. The President of the Stake sat up on top, and a dozen dignitaries sat below him. Below them, in a solemn row, were sixteen men behind a table on which stood sixteen silver ewers and sixteen plates of bread broken into coarse crumbs. The house was filled, and with a truly good-looking congregation, no whit different from an ordinary mixed Western Methodist assemblage. An old man prayed for a blessing on the bread, and around it went, in the hands of the sixteen. Then a young man blessed the water that symbolized our Saviour's blood, and round that went, in pitchers and goblets. The choir sang again, and then an elderly man made a brief but pointless address, it being a rule, as I understand it, that whoever is called upon may talk as he feels best able to, and on what topic he pleases. Another man—both sat among the officials—spoke about a great conference at Salt Lake City, and the earnest piety that moved it. Then up rose an apostle, a banker named Thatcher, who was evidently a popular speaker. He told how difficult it was to be a good Mormon, and how Mormonism enters every moment of life, and how a Gentile once said "he would rather be damned and go to hell than try to live up to the Mormon faith." Next the apostle spoke of material things, of the home industries—the saw-mill, the boot and shoe making, the necessity for more manufactures. He said the young Mormon men would do anything with their teams, but would not work with their hands, and that he did not blame them. At last he took up the topic of winter fun. He advised all the saints to have a good time, to hold parties and sociables, to gather the young together, and not to grudge them their pleasure or misjudge them for loving it. He liked to see them merry and joyful. It was good, he said. After the apostle came an old man, who read a notice calling upon the women to meet somewhere and vote upon a choice of a flower that should be the favorite and emblematic blossom of the Territory. The choir sang, and the meeting ended. Of course no collection was taken up; the tithes are enough. The service disappointed me. It was too practical for my old-fashioned ideas. The one good speaker simply made a business man's address; the others had no fervor. Possibly the fervor came at the ward meetings that night.

In the houses where I was guest I saw absolutely nothing peculiar, unless it was that it seemed to me there was a phenomenal number of excessively rosy and robust children. The wives were hearty and healthy, but it was very evident that motherhood brought an obligation heavier than usual upon their sex. Everywhere I was asked to note the children, to see how healthy and fine they were. Fifty times in one week in Utah that was the topic. Not once in any other State was it spoken of. And they may well be proud of their children, for never was solicitude and pride more richly rewarded.

"Our sons are free to fall in love," said one saint, "but they have no right to fall in love with flimsy, sickly girls. They know there is no excuse for that."

Are the Mormon girls pretty? Many are very pretty—mainly with rustic beauty, to be sure, and yet I saw a number who would be called belles in our largest cities. They were the daughters of the well-to-do, and had tasted travel and training in fashionable schools. Are they nice? That was the first question I asked of a young woman at the same hotel with me.

"You bet they are!" said she. "I'm one myself."

But she was not like one in that, for no other girl or woman that I saw in Utah was so enthusiastic or even a particle slangy in my presence.

I asked what pleasures the girls and boys had, of which the apostle had spoken. I was told that they maintain literary societies "to discuss the poets, and enjoy a light supper afterward"; that they not only give parties and dances at their homes, but that general assemblies are held in the tabernacles in the little towns and villages. A fee is charged, a supper is served, dancing is the chief delight, and an official of the Church is present to preserve order. These communities are little democracies. All work; all are land-owners, and independent in that respect. All are comfortable, and few are rich. Caste is unknown, and whole villages dance as they pray—in harmony together. For the little children are maintained just such party customs as our own little ones enjoy.

There are three colleges in little Logan—the State Agricultural College (officered by Gentiles), the Brigham Young College, and the New Jersey College (a Presbyterian institution). Four-fifths of the tax-payers are Mormons. They spent $5000 in lawyers' fees to keep liquor-selling out of the town, but the Federal courts ruled against them, and the best the Mormons could do was to put the license fee at $1200 a year. The next thing after that was to "taboo" whoever frequented the saloons. While I speak of these virtues, let me add that they are an honest people. They are taught that they must pay their debts. One of the chief financiers of the far West told me that the losses of his company had been less in Utah than anywhere else.

I asked what there was so trying in their tenets as to lead a Gentile to prefer damnation to Mormondom. I fancy I got only a partial answer. It was to this effect: The Church aims to produce a perfect race of men, and to make each generation more nearly perfect than the last. The perfection that men can reach is of the physical sort; the morals God looks after. He puts good souls only in fit bodies. Therefore Mormons may not drink or smoke or use tobacco in any form. They should not use tea or coffee. They should fast one day in every thirty—at least until dinner-time—and give to the poor what is thus saved. They should keep Sunday holy, and go to church twice on that day. That was all I heard. Alas! it was admitted that not all the saints are as strict as they should be.

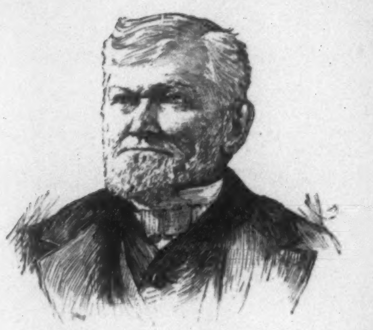
"One thing you have not seen," said a Mormon lady. "At any moment a deacon may come to our door and join our family circle. He will ask us a number of questions as to our religious welfare if we are well to do; as to our worldly condition if we are struggling. Or perhaps it will be a teacher who will call. 'I wish to read the gospel to-night,' he will say; 'is it agreeable to you?' 'Well, no,' I would say, 'we have company this evening.' Then he would rise and bow himself out, saying that he had fifteen houses to visit this month, that he would go to another and come back to us at another time."

Perhaps if some politician reads what I have told of this Church, the case will strike him as it does me. Never was there a political organization so thoroughly managed as this Church. The socialist philosophers hold that Tammany Hall is the most thorough, self-renewing, and complete political machine known to man. But Tammany Hall is clumsy and superficial compared to this Church. Indiana, the State that is raked with a fine-tooth comb by two parties every year, is poorly looked after beside Utah. Mr. Platt thinks he has reduced organization and the supervision of voters to a science. He is a bungler compared to Brigham Young. What politicians do for a month, once every four years, this Church does all the time—endlessly. It never takes hand or eye off its people. Not even their houses are castles out of which the Church can be shut. With half the saints dignified by office, and all of the rest under constant scrutiny, conceive the power and order of the Church! Yet remember that nothing that is done is felt so as to be resented. All is as kindly as it is shrewdly devised. The Church of Latter-day Saints is the most complete and perfect human machine (if it is human, which the leaders deny), and Tammany Hall has not reached the primer of the science it illustrates.

I have said that there are two hundred thousand saints. They are by no means all in Utah. Their towns and districts almost form a chain north and south of that Territory from Canada into Mexico. They are in Wyoming, Idaho, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, the Sandwich Islands, and the countries of Europe. They have four palatial temples—the main one being at Salt Lake City, the Rome of that Church. There is a $600,000 one at Logan, and a more expensive one at St. George, in far southern Utah, where the colonists in the southern Territories and in Mexico must go to perform whatever rites are celebrated in those beautiful but mysterious buildings.

Down in the bottom of Utah the soil is found in little pocketlike valleys and small plateaux, just big enough for orchards or vineyards, but not for grain-growing. Cotton is grown there and coarse cotton goods are made of it. It is said that no other people would have gone there, yet the Mormons are all in comfortable circumstances. Out in the eastern desert end of Utah I heard of Mormons living where a jackal would go mad before starvation brought him an early death. They were huddled on little streams in the sage-brush desert, growing hay, and raising sheep that must possess microscopic eyes with which to see their food.

Utah contains nearly 85,000 square miles and 52,601,600 acres of land and mountains. It is almost 300 miles square, and is as large as New England and New York. Mining is now the chief industry, and gold, silver, lead, and copper are the chief metals that are mined there, the product in 1890 having been $14,346,783. It is the third mining region in the West, and it is said that of all the metals found in the Dakotas, Montana, and Colorado, only tin is lacking in Utah. Men who are familiar with all the new States and the Territories predict a golden and amazing future for Utah. There is water to irrigate thousands of square miles of good land that is embraced in three drainage systems. Wheat, oats, and rye grow well in all the irrigable lands and corn in some. Orchard fruits and small fruits thrive there. Three millions of acres are said to be irrigable and arable. There is a vast store of timber, and the cattle industry finds plenty of range land, now used for 300,000 horned stock, 100,000 horses and mules, and a million and a half of sheep. Precious stones, mineral springs, inexhaustible and vast beds of coal, natural gas, marbles and building stones of many sorts, health resorts, new mining regions, and a certain-to-be-formidable agricultural product, are the assets of the future in this majestic Territory which now holds but 200,000 population.



WILFORD WOODRUFF,
President of the Mormon Church.

THE NEW MORMON TEMPLE.

"HERE is where we will build the Temple of our God." So spoke Brigham Young, the Mormon "Prophet" and leader, one summer evening forty-six years ago, accompanying the declaration by thrusting his cane deep into the soil, where it remained until the building was actually begun, six years later.

The Mormons arrived in the valley of the Great Salt Lake in July, 1847. Wearied with the long journey across the then trackless prairies, the little band were looking for the most desirable location for their future homes. Brigham Young, Wilford Woodruff, now the President of the Mormon Church, and a few others were reconnoitring for the most favorable places. Upon arriving at the spot upon which the stately edifice now stands, Brigham halted, and, after gazing at the shimmering waters of the distant lake, the snow-capped peaks, and the broad valley in silence for a moment, he seemed to catch a gleam of inspiration, and, by the act and words referred to, began the work which has just been completed.

At that early date but little more than selecting the site could be done. The small band which had braved the perils of the "Great American Desert" found themselves in a country where only by the most diligent effort could they hope to maintain themselves. The first decisive step was taken at the General Assembly of the Church held in April, 1851, when it was voted to build a temple. The material agreed upon was adobe, the only material available at that time; but this was soon changed to granite, of which an abundant supply was discovered in Little Cottonwood Cañon, seventeen miles below the town. Two years later, in February, ground was broken and the foundation begun. On April 6th, just forty years ago, the four corner-stones were laid with great pomp and ceremony. From that time to the present, with the exception of one delay caused by the approach of the army under General Johnson, the work has progressed as fast as the means at hand would permit.

As an architectural design this Temple is one of the most wonderful in the world. It is not duplicated by anything, ancient or modern. The plans were drawn by a Mormon named Truman O. Angell, and he has been credited with having designed the edifice; but there are not a few among the members of the association who declare that Brigham was the real architect, and that Angell merely perfected the ideas of his superior. The structure is a most imposing one. Situated on an eminence, it commands a full view of the city proper, and is readily perceived from any point in the town. Being constructed of a variety of granite almost white, it looks in the distance as if built of pure marble. The casual observer, who glances at the structure while in close proximity, is apt to underestimate the proportions, and go away with a feeling that he has not seen anything remarkable; but a close inspection works wonders, and after a half-hour's survey one is always ready to change the opinion first expressed. The building is best appreciated at a distance of ten miles from the city. Though not any higher than some of the leading business houses, except in situation, it is a noticeable fact that when all the other buildings seem but a confused mass before the eye, the Temple stands out prominent in every feature.

The entire length is 186½ feet; width, 99 feet. As will be seen by the illustration, there are six towers, three on the east end and three on the west. The entrance is on the east end, and the main tower there is somewhat higher than the western one, the former being 222½ feet, the latter 219 feet. The height of the building proper is 167½ feet. The walls are massive from foundation to turret. The former is 16 feet in depth and thickness, and all the stones are laid in cement. The towers are cylindrical inside, 17 feet in diameter, and each has five ornamental windows. The roof is flat, and covers, with the towers, an area of 21,850 feet.

Surmounting the towers, excepting the eastern main tower, are lights connected with an independent electric-light plant, and when at night these are illuminated the effect is more than pleasing; it is magnificent.

The main tower on the east end is surmounted by a work of art in the shape of the angel "Moroni," the spirit that appeared to Joseph Smith, in the hill Cumorah, and informed him as to the location of the golden plates which contain, according to the doctrine of the Church, the "new and everlasting gospel." This statue is of copper, 12½ feet in height, and was made by a Salt Lake artist named Dallin, a young man who has achieved something of a reputation, not only at home, but abroad. It is gilded over with pure gold-leaf, and surmounting the crown is a 100-candle-power incandescent light, which, after evening, is sufficient to illuminate the figure, and cause it to stand out in the darkness with an effect beautiful in the extreme.

The interior of the Temple has an air of mystery about it. Up to date none but the faithful have been admitted to its sacred precincts, and as none of the inquisitive Gentile reporters are allowed to enter, the newspaper descriptions of the inside are inaccurate, and chiefly the result of the imagination of the ubiquitous scribes. As a matter of fact, there are portions of the interior which are as sacred as was "The Holy of Holies" in the days of the Temple constructed by the wise son of David.

The basement is divided into several apartments, the larger one being 57×35 feet, containing a baptismal font. The floor is tiled with marble, polished to the highest degree of perfection, while the ceiling is of a sky-blue tint. The font is of bronze, and, like that in the Temple at Jerusalem, rests on the backs of twelve oxen, also of bronze, which stand with their faces to the east, west, north, and south. Grand and impressive as this apartment is, it is mediocre when compared with some of those on the upper floors. One in particular is deserving of special mention. Resplendent in blue and gold is this magic chamber, while the floor is of blocks of wood not more than an inch square, brought from all portions of the world by the missionaries sent out by the Church. Another apartment adjoining is still more beautiful. White and gold are used, and the effect is to dazzle the eye. The tapestries are all of the purest white, and are rare and costly. All the basins and ewers are of the finest onyx, delicate in tint, and in such profusion that the sight would drive a dealer in this product insane with envy. To be permitted to look upon the magnificent work for an hour is said to be worth a year of one's life and a trip across the world.

The beehive is the emblem of the Church, together with clasped hands, and the motto "Holiness to the Lord." Every handle of door and window has this design, all having been specially made for the purpose. In the basement all the fixtures, including the locks on the doors, the bolts, and hinges, are of brass. On the first floor they are of plated gold; on the second, plated silver; on the third, old-silver; and above that of bronze. The wood-work is of oak, all seasoned and massive in appearance.

The cost of the Temple is a question which even the most astute follower of Brigham hesitates to answer. It has been estimated all the way from $6,000,000 to $12,000,000. The latter figure is believed by those who are in a position to know to be the correct one.

One year ago, when the capstone was being laid, it was not generally believed that the building would be completed in a year more. But the President of the Church, Wilford Woodruff, now eighty-five years of age, addressing the people, said: "My brethren and sisters, we want to finish this Temple; we want to dedicate it to God as soon as we can, so that the vast host who dwell in this region of country can go into it, and attend to the ordinances for their living and for their dead. I hope we shall all lay this to heart, and try to furnish means as far as we may be able in order that the building may be speedily completed."

It was decided at one period of the construction that forty years should be used in building, as was the case in the days of old. Unforeseen events, such as the confiscation of large portions of the property of the Church, crippled the organization, and but for this address it is not likely that it would have been finished.

C. M. JACKSON,
Salt Lake City.

HAVANA.

THE entrance to the harbor of Havana is one of the most beautiful in the world. As the steamer passes along the coast, the traveller is regaled by the most delightful fragrance of flowers wafted on the breeze from land. The sea glistens under the rays of the tropical sun should it chance to be a bright day, and the atmosphere fairly glitters with that peculiar glimmer of the sunshine characteristic of the tropics, as though myriads of gold specks were floating in the air. The traveller is charmed with the balmy climate. The heavens are so blue that when a stranger who has never been to Cuba sees such a sky depicted in one of Chartrand's landscapes, he fancies that it is due to an exaggeration of the painter's brush. The sky is equal if not superior to that of sunny Italy, so celebrated in verse and prose.

The harbor is narrow at the entrance, and well guarded by the fortress Morro Castle on one side, with its bristling cannon, and the Punta on the other, while the city extends beyond, faced by another large fortress, La Cabaña, on the same side as the Morro, and the little village of Casa Blanca, as well as the towns of Regla and Guanabacoa. The Morro is surmounted by a round tower, with a revolving light which can be seen by mariners thirty miles at sea. As the steamer passes close under the battlements of the Morro, these are usually crowded with swarthy Spanish soldiers gazing down at the passengers. When the steamer anchors in the harbor, which widens out into a beautiful spacious bay, it is surrounded with boats of all sizes and descriptions, from the little skiff manned by one boatman alone to a steam-tug with its shrill whistle, while all clamor for the privilege of taking the traveller on shore, as ships do not go up to the docks.

The streets in the business portion of the city are narrow, with high buildings close together. The more modern part of the city has wide streets and handsome residences and numerous parks, where palm-trees grow, their slender trunks rising high in the air, adorned with a tuft of leaves, while the atmosphere is redolent with the perfume of jasmines, roses, irises of all varieties, and rich tropical flowers of every hue.

Some of the dwellings are very handsome, with a wide entrance which serves for man and beast alike, as houses usually only have one portal or large double doors. Houses are built around a court-yard, and the wire-barred windows expose the inmates to the view of the passers-by, who can look into the cool, well-furnished apartments, with marble floors, and into the court-yards, with their rippling fountains refreshing the air with silvery spray, and adorned with tropical plants, which furnish such a pleasant shade. Some residences are two or three stories high, but very few are built any higher.

One of the chief places of interest in Havana is the Cathedral, an old structure gray with age, where the ashes of Columbus, which were brought here from San Domingo, are buried. The Templete is a memorial chapel, and contains a large painting of the first mass ever said in Havana, in which are represented the ancestors of several of the leading Cuban families. The Government Palace is a large building, not very handsome, but quite spacious. The Teatro Tacon stands opposite the park, and is a large edifice, which, compared with the celebrated theatres of Europe, ranks as the fourth. It is a brilliant scene when the Coliseum is lighted up and filled with beautiful women elegantly dressed. The statue of Queen Isabella II. now stands in the park, but during the revolution of 1868 it was dragged from its pedestal and thrown into a ditch, where it remained until the restoration, and Alfonso XII. ascended the throne. Then Isabella was rubbed and scrubbed and reinstated in her post, though whether the inhabitants of the "Ever-faithful Isle," as the Spaniards call Cuba, have any greater regard for her now than then is doubtful.

Society in Havana is charming, and resembles society in Paris, for the Havanese are elegant and polished in their manners, while the men are vivacious, though the women are quiet and languid. Wealthy families usually send their children to Paris to be educated, the boys at the principal universities, and the girls at the most celebrated convents, so when they return home they have usually acquired French ways as well as French views of life. The Havanese are generally votaries of fashion, and the women order their gowns from Worth or some other famous artist. The Cuban dudes are fond of fencing and of all athletic sports, as well as of tripping the light fantastic toe, for they are adepts in the terpsichorean art.

Cuban women are beautiful, with an Oriental cast of features, although there are some lovely blondes with golden tresses, blue eyes, and fair complexion. One beautiful blonde we have in mind married Don Francisco de Bourbon, *Infante de España* and cousin to King Alfonso XII., some years ago. The real Cuban type, however, is a woman with languishing black eyes, rounded graceful form, small hands and feet, dark or pale complexion, with the peculiar waxy whiteness you see in the petals of a camellia, and an indescribable soft and charming manner, exceedingly fascinating.

MARY ELIZABETH SPRINGER.

TOWING THE CARAVELS.

THE fac-similes of the smaller two of the three vessels composing the fleet with which Columbus made his first voyage of discovery, the *Pinta* and the *Niña*, were built by Messrs. Frank Park and Miguel Cordona, at Barcelona, Spain, for the United States government, under an act of appropriation passed at the first session of the Fifty-second Congress. Their construction, from the most authentic plans and descriptions that could be procured, was supervised by Lieutenant William McC. Little, U.S.N. The *Pinta* is of about 110 tons and the *Niña* about 100 tons displacement. The two cost about $15,000 as they left the contractors' hands.

They were towed to Cadiz and Huelva, Spain, by the United States gunboat *Bennington*, and took part in the Columbus festivities at the latter place, October 10, 1892. They were regularly commissioned as vessels of the United States navy, and two commissioned line officers with ten men were assigned to each from the crews of the United States cruiser *Newark* and the gunboat *Bennington*. While lying at Cadiz their sailing qualities were tried, and, after some necessary alterations were made in their steering arrangements, they were fitted out for their voyage across the Atlantic.

On February 18, 1893, the United States cruiser *Newark*, flag-ship of Rear-Admiral A. E. K. Benham, U.S.N., took the *Niña* in tow, and in company with the United States gunboat *Bennington*, with the *Pinta*, left Cadiz. "Buen viaje" (pleasant voyage) wishes were signalled from the Spanish flag-ship *Pelayo*, anchored in the harbor. Lieutenant Thomas B. Howard, U.S.N., with Ensign Warren J. Terhune, U.S.N., was in charge of the *Pinta*, and Lieutenant John C. Colwell, U.S.N., with Ensign Charles A. Brand, U.S.N., was in charge of the *Niña*.

The first day out from Cadiz a strong southeasterly wind was encountered, which caused a short choppy sea that seemed to exactly fit the caravels, but had little effect on the larger vessels. The small vessels bobbed around like corks, with a very quick uncertain motion, much to the discomfort of their crews. This lasted for one day only, when indications of the northeast trade-winds were met with, as had been expected. On February 22d the fleet anchored off Las Palmas, Grand Canary Island, and it being Washington's birthday, the vessels were dressed with the national colors, and a national salute was fired at noon, a couple of small Spanish gunboats assisting in the ceremonies.

Here the *Newark* and *Bennington* filled up with coal and water, and on February 25th they again set sail, with their respective charges in tow. The course was set for the island of St. Thomas, Danish West Indies, thus following a course a little more southerly than the one originally taken by Columbus. Light irregular winds were met with, the prevailing direction being from the northeast, but at times coming from the south and westward, with a continual large swell from the northwest. Several sail were sighted. One, the American ship *John McDonald*, of New York, bound probably around the Horn, changed her course and bore down to get a closer view of what probably first appeared to her as a couple of derelicts, or possibly pirates. During the night before reaching St. Thomas a short choppy head sea was met with, which carried away the head boom of the *Niña*, and made it necessary to reduce the sailing speed to about four knots per hour.

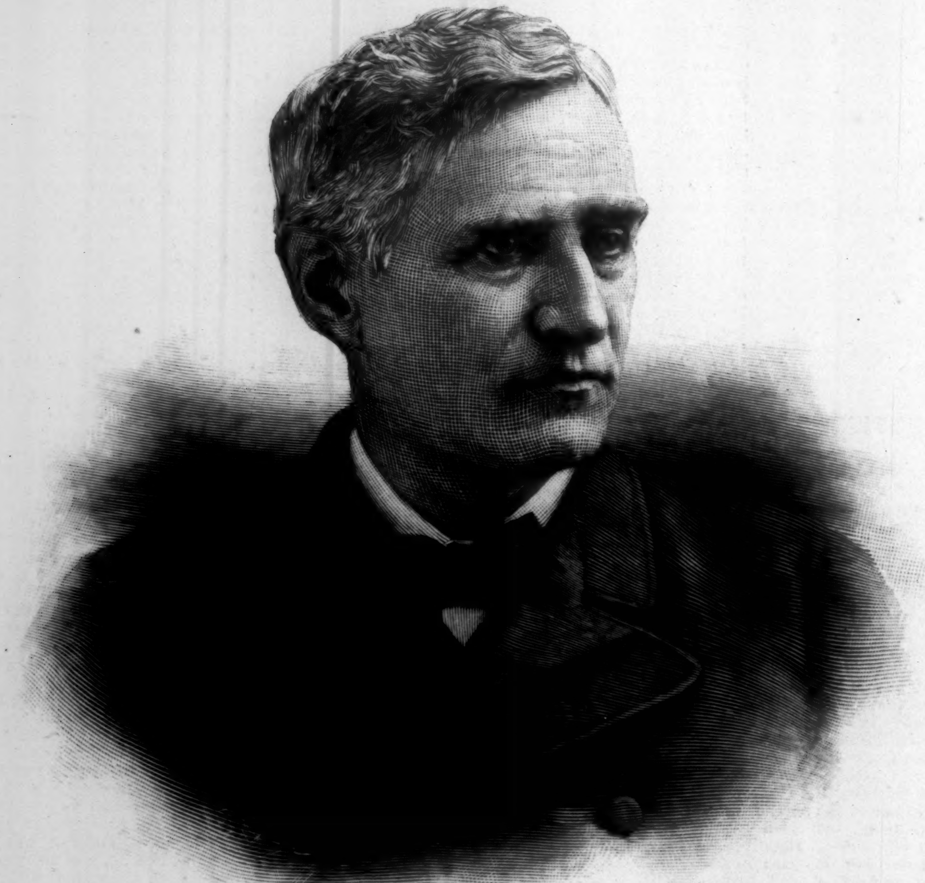
On Sunday afternoon, March 12th, St. Thomas was reached. The harbor was crowded with vessels of all descriptions, most of them having put in on account of bad weather. The first appearance of the caravels created no little excitement, the supposition being that they were wrecks which had been picked up in mid-ocean. They were soon surrounded by small boats of all kinds, containing curious crowds of whites, blacks, and intermediate shades of humanity, making inquiries as to "what they were," "where from," and "where for." Several foreign men-of-war were in port. National and personal salutes and visits were exchanged, and all things together, as a local paper remarked the next day, "made a very exciting Sunday afternoon, long to be remembered." Coal and water were here again taken by the *Newark* and *Bennington*, and on March 14th the vessels left for Havana.

The course taken was south of the islands of Porto Rico and Haiti, up through the Windward Channel, and then along the north coast of Cuba, arriving at Havana on the morning of the 21st of March, and thus ending what the writer believes to be the longest tour in regard to time and distance on record. The total distances and time travelled were as follows:

	Knots.	Days.	Hours.
From Cadiz to Canary Islands	710	3	20
" Canary Islands to St. Thomas	2940	15	10
" St. Thomas to Havana	1300	7	0
Total	4950	26	6

For the whole voyage this gives an average speed of 7.8 knots per hour. Exceptionally fine towing weather was experienced during the whole trip, there not being a day in which any anxiety was felt for the safety of the caravels. Constant care and watching were required to prevent chafing of the tow-lines, and the speed was limited by keeping the steaming capacity of the *Bennington* under half-boiler power. The vessels always kept within signal distance of each other, and with favorable winds generally made sail on the caravels to ease the strain on the tow-lines, and on the towing vessels to save coal.

Upon arriving at Havana crowds lined the shores and docks to see the expected strange-looking little vessels. The national salute of twenty-one guns was first fired by four Spanish gunboats at anchor in the harbor, dressed with the American flag at the main in honor of the arrival. The caravels will be temporarily turned over to the Spanish authorities, who will, upon the arrival of the *Santa Maria*, take them to the World's Fair at Chicago.

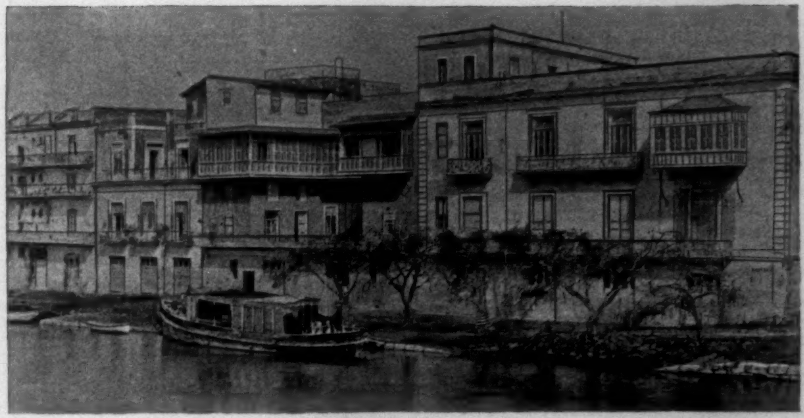


THE HON. THOMAS F. BAYARD, AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN.—[See Page 335.]

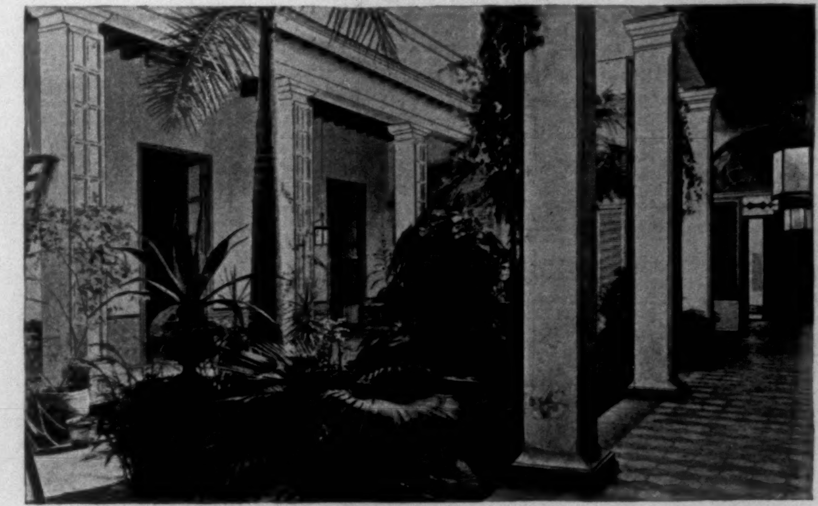
BRINGING THE CARAVELS FROM SPAIN TO HAVANA.

Drawn by Al Hencke after a Sketch by P. A. Engineer Stacy Potts, United States Steamship "Newark."—[See Page 331.]

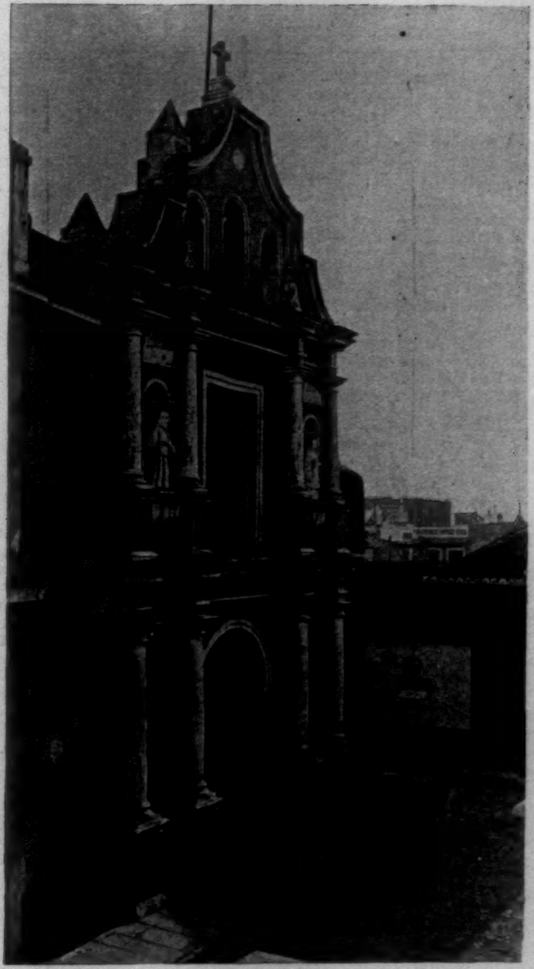
The *Niña* in tow of the Cruiser *Newark*, and the *Pinta* in tow of the Gunboat *Bennington:* 4950 knots in 26 days and 6 hours.



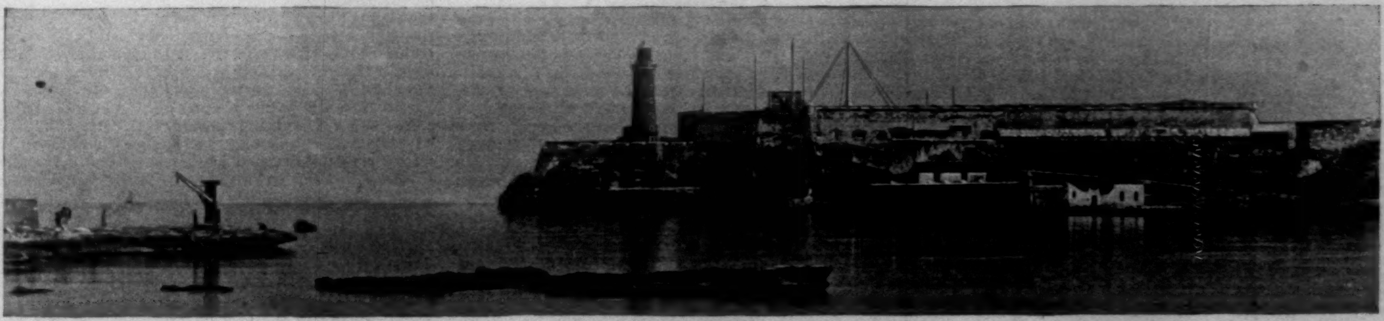
A VIEW OF THE SAN JUAN RIVER, MATANZAS.



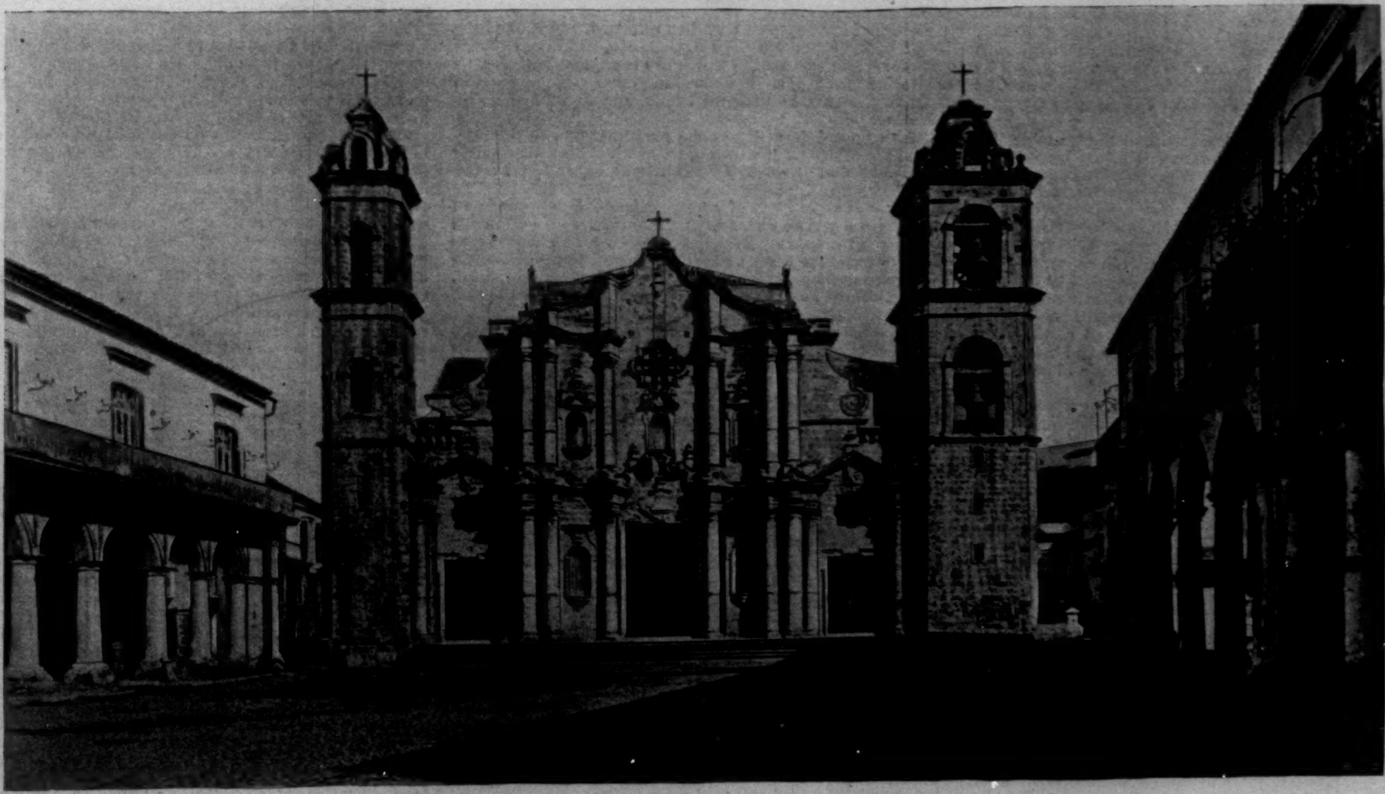
COURT-YARD IN A CUBAN DWELLING



CHURCH OF SAN AGUSTIN, HAVANA.



MORRO CASTLE AND ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF HAVANA.



THE CATHEDRAL IN HAVANA, CONTAINING THE TOMB OF COLUMBUS.

IN THE ISLAND OF CUBA—SCENES IN HAVANA AND MATANZAS.—From Photographs.

THE VOICE OF FAME.

BY JOSEPHINE BALESTIER.

"HAVE you met him? It really seems—doesn't it?—as if he never opened his mouth without making one laugh. This afternoon people are awfully amused from the minute he's introduced until Miss Prime carries him on to somebody else."

"Yes, Miss Berkeley," said Tyson, looking again towards the dining-room, where his *fiancée* and the man were shiftingly visible beyond the vivacious crowd of young girls and mammas and occasional men; "that's what one feels about these fellows, isn't it? With a reputation for being clever you may say anything. People will shout with laughter if you say 'Good-morning!'"

"Oh-h, Mr. Tyson! I'm afraid you're a cynic! Really, the papers haven't exaggerated his wit at all."

"You've talked with him, then?"

"Yes, indeed!" She spoke in shrill strife with the ceaseless rattle and confusion of tongues. "I'm supposed to be pouring to-day, and Mr. Crome came to me directly for a cup of tea, or rather two cups. It was very funny, his business-like way about it. I wonder if they always treat it so seriously in England—at receptions, I mean?"

"I don't know," Tyson absently made answer, without discontinuing his intermittent regard of Janet and David Crome. His eyes pronounced upon the young painter's rounded shoulders and ill-fitting coat the New-Yorker's criticism of a man who has gained nothing by the advantage of being Poole's compatriot, and the college graduate's judgment of one who has neglected athletics for classics.

But every time that a break in the moving throng offered a glimpse of Janet's face he assured himself that he had never seen her more beautiful. Small wonder that an artist should be attracted by her, Tyson mused, as he made misfit responses to his companion's amazement that so young a man as David Crome should already be famous, and to her doubts about the fairness of a providence which had bestowed on one and the same person a shining wit and mastery in the great art. Had Mr. Tyson been to the exhibition of Crome's pictures, which was the talk of New York? He answered "no," and then "yes," while suggesting to himself darkly that next thing Crome would be wanting to paint Janet in that dress of queer green and that hat.

"Like to hear him propose it!" he muttered.

She was talking with a certain defiant ease, gayly, eagerly, and, her lover was confident, well. Crome laughed applaudingly, but Miss Erroll seemed to be leaving the famed wit meagre loop-hole for speech. It was borne in upon Tyson that the endeavor of a certain type of woman with a clever man is not so much to draw out his best talk as to convince him that she is as clever as himself.

"She never tried with me," reflected the man of her choice.

Mark Tyson was one of the men, incomplete by a stitch, whose pleasure in the art nearest akin to them is balked by a disquieting sense of their own dumbness in that art; voiceless, they yet have the instinct of expression, and they are not content to listen. In the painting, book, or symphony they find only unrest and a negative pain. Tyson coveted his neighbor's joke.

"We girls," Miss Berkeley was saying, having followed his gaze, "stand quite in awe of Janet. Mr. Crome was so attentive to her at Edith Mardon's, and now again to-day. You must be very proud of her—or, dear me!" noting his black look, "perhaps you are—"

But she caught herself back from the word.

Tyson, who had but half hearkened to her flipper-flapper, turned suddenly upon her. "Tell me, if I may ask, what clever things, now, did he say to you?"

Miss Berkeley whisked out of sight the smile with which she had been observing, through her talk, the contrast between Miss Erroll's gayety and her lover's melodramatic gloom, to answer him:

"Mr. Crome, you mean? Why, I don't know; he said wonderful things, of course, but I don't recollect them word for word. One never does remember such things, you know. We talked about the private view of his pictures, and I told him a lovely joke that has been in the papers about private views, and he led me on so that I told him a lot of stories, and—oh, I don't know; we had a delightful chat; but then Miss Prime wanted to introduce him to some lady, and he had to leave me—as," she added, with her perfectly dressed smile, "I must leave *you*. I ought to go back to my post. He might want a third cup, you know."

When she had resumed her sinecure at the tea table, Tyson, after a moment's hesitation, turned in the opposite direction, and slowly pressed his way with many bows and interruptions—the people closing buoyantly behind him like parted grain—to the end of the drawing-room where his hostess and her débutante daughter stood receiving. The girl, shaking hands with him, gave him a smile as fresh as if she had not been standing for two hours offering it to every coming and departing guest. While he paused at the next step to make his adieu to her mother, the ingenuous Bud selected from the score of bouquets on the mantle behind her one of white roses to match her gown, and skilfully exchanging for this the American Beauties she had been carrying, was prepared the next minute to greet a blond youth with, "You see, I am carrying *your* flowers!"

Tyson ran with angry firmness down the carpeted steps leading to the street, and had walked a block before he noted the premature darkness. His first thought was that he could not leave Janet to go home alone; his second, knowing little of English customs, that he would not leave Crome to accompany her.

He turned back, but at the awning halted abruptly, and was standing thus, irresolute, when an arm pushed its way through his, and Janet said, gayly,

"Is this the way you desert a girl who—"

"Who drags a man to a hot, noisy reception, where he's out of it—or wishes he were," he broke in, recognizing her in the diluted light from the house—"and when she's got him there, calmly drops him. It seems to me that *I'm* the one to talk of desertion."

He took her umbrella, holding it as if the flowers on her hat were natural ones in need of sprinkling, and they walked down Madison Avenue, past a long brown line of houses with closely drawn shades. The corner gas jets forced a blurred radiance through the snow.

Janet patted his arm in mock sympathy. "You poor dear!" she said, lightly. "I thought you'd like a little variety; I'm none. I saw you with Julie Berkeley, or I'd have introduced Mr. Crome to you."

"He, at least, seems to have *his* share of you."

"Yes," said Janet, laughing, "the Lion's share!"

He looked at her curiously. "You weren't afraid of him?"

"Afraid! Why, don't you remember being told as a child that whenever you met a lion the only thing to do was to face him without a twitch or quiver? My old nurse, I know, used to describe the effect on the beast by some long word I didn't know the meaning of, and was too proud to ask. What was it?—oh, 'fascinate'; 'What you got to do, honey, is to look him sq'ar' in de eye, and jest *fascinate* him!'" she mimicked.

Tyson laughed dryly. "Oh, you fascinated him fast enough."

"Why, Mark Wentworth Tyson!" she cried, struck by something in his voice; "let me look at you." She turned him playfully towards the street lamp they were passing. "I do believe you are *jealous!* Shall you challenge him? What a pretty romance it would make—The Lady or the Lion!"

"There's no danger of my being able to challenge him with words—though I should like to see him with men, once! However," he said, "you've probably heard a greater number of *mots* from him this afternoon than you'll hear from me in a lifetime. You ought to marry a clever man, Janet."

"Oh-h!" she returned, in the bantering tone that Mark knew; "it's cleverness, is it, one marries for? I *had* understood it was—"

"Yes, love."

"There, that counts you one."

"Ah, but if I were Crome, I'd be seeing a cat in the window every minute. That counts 500, you know—if you remember last summer," he added, bitterly.

"Yes, he *is* clever."

"I suppose you recollect them—all his fetching sayings?" asked Tyson, with a failing essay of indifference.

"No, goosie; of course I don't. It was charming and diverting, as they say his talk always is, but no more to be bottled up than the smell of a rose."

"But you can make an essence of that."

"I have. It's a laugh." She illustrated saucily.

Tyson felt that he had kept a tight hold on himself. But Janet was provoking.

"I am glad that *you* enjoyed yourself this afternoon," he said, coldly. "But as your pleasure seems to be quite independent of me, I sha'n't burden you with the necessity of looking out for me to-morrow."

"Mark, I won't allow you to speak to me in that way. You are positively—odious!" They had reached her home and were standing on the stoop.

"Well," he said, as he pulled the bell sharply, "Crome isn't."

The maid appeared at the door. Janet looked at Mark in the light that rushed out on them from the hall.

"No," said she, "he isn't," and passed into the house.

Tyson strode fiercely up the avenue, muttering uncomplimentary remarks about himself and the universe.

He meant to absent himself from Mrs. Carteret's reception next day.

But at five o'clock he entered her drawing-room with an air of purpose foreign to the occasion.

Mrs. Carteret's reception differed from Mrs. Prime's of the day before only in that the flowers were of other kinds, and that there were chocolate and bouillon instead of chocolate and tea. There were the same ices and cakes, the same clatter and crowd, and to a certain extent the same people. As, after greeting Mrs. Carteret and her daughter, he made his way towards an open space near the end of the long narrow parlor, Tyson noted, as he had the day before, that every one was asking questions and nobody answering them. He caught the phrases with which he had become familiar: "What a pity we don't see more of each other!" "*So* rushed!" "Have you met David Crome yet?—sparkling repartee—heard what he said about—" "Haven't time; every minute full." "Aren't these receptions a bore? Hope you are coming to mine!"

He was stopped by an acquaintance who wanted to know where he had been all this age, and when, having explained, he turned again towards the vacant spot, he saw Janet there in conversation with David Crome. She smiled over the man's shoulder, and after that Tyson fancied she became wilfully engaging.

He urged his way past her, then returned, and walked the length of the room and back again. He could see Crome's lips move, and though the words did not reach him, Janet's answering laugh did. It ended hesitation. He stopped in front of the pair, knitting his brows, and Janet had no alternative.

Tyson bowed formally as she presented him to the celebrated young R. A., of whom the world had been hearing for six months, and of whom he had been thinking for as many days.

After a few minutes of commonplaces, Janet wandered away with a young girl, and the two men were left in the seclusion of crowds. Tyson recollected as he looked into Crome's face that Janet had said it was made up of contradictions: fair hair and a determined mouth, a high forehead, and an aggressive, humorous nose, and in his eyes the sadness of success.

"How long do you expect to stay in New York?" Tyson asked, measuring his tone against the voices of the gathering. He leaned forward, but did not catch Crome's answer.

"A week, did you say? The papers were accurate, then?"

He looked restlessly about the brightly lighted, rooms as if searching help from their animation, and then, stoutly facing Crome, said, rapidly:

"There's a preposterous kindness I want to ask you. It isn't in the least justified by our acquaintance, and—I should hate myself if I asked it. But I am engaged to Miss Erroll, and—" He broke off with an uneasy laugh. "No, I won't do it; now, at any rate." There followed a moment's awkward pause, which Tyson broke by saying: "Won't you dine with me at my club Friday night? One can't talk in this babel. I should be immensely honored."

A courteous plea of consuming engagements from the man of many attractions would not have surprised Tyson, but he reddened under the mute, panting laugh with which his invitation was received. "Oh, of course—" he began.

Crome interrupted him by a waving gesture of the hand, as one who cannot gather breath for speech, seemed to hesitate, and then, still laughing, took a note-book and pencil from his pocket, wrote swiftly a few words, tore out the sheet, and putting his forefinger to his lips, handed the paper to his companion. Tyson took it with a bewildered, half-resentful scowl, and read these words:

"Very kind of you, my dear fellow. It's easy enough at receptions, but I'm declining dinners at present. Have had laryngitis. Haven't spoken a word for a week."

THE BERING SEA COMMISSION.

THE high court of arbitration which has just begun its sittings in Paris, and which will determine the merits of the controversy as to the jurisdiction in the Bering Sea, and the right to regulate the killing of seals in the waters and on the islands of that sea, is an imposing body. The questions that will come up before the court seem simple enough in their statement. The rights of the United States in the Bering Sea are the rights which Russia ceded to the United States with Alaska. What Russia owned, the United States now owns—no more, no less—and whatever rights England recognized as belonging to Russia the court will recognize as now belonging to the United States. It cannot recognize that the United States has greater rights, because the present claim must rest solely upon the cession from Russia, and that country cannot have transferred more than it possessed. The United States contends that the Bering Sea is not a part of the Pacific Ocean, and that in acquiring Alaska the United States acquired jurisdiction over the waters of that sea. The United States further claims that it has such a property interest in the herds of seals that it has the right to protect that property even on the high seas. England, on the other hand, maintains that the Bering Sea is an open sea, in which all nations have common rights and none exclusive rights. England says that when Russia claimed jurisdiction over Bering Sea this claim was opposed by both England and the United States. England affirms, however, a willingness to enter into a convention by which seal-killing shall be regulated and their extermination prevented. This is the official list of the members and officers of the court:

Arbitrators—on the part of the United States, Associate Justice John M. Harlan and United States Senator John T. Morgan; on the part of Great Britain, Lord Hannen and Sir John S. D. Thompson; on the part of France, Baron de Courcel; on the part of Italy, Marchese Emilio Visconti-Venosta; on the part of Sweden, Judge Gregero W. W. Gram. These are the judges of the court of arbitration, while the commissioners are these: For the United States, Professor T. C. Mendenhall and Dr. C. Hart Merriam; and for Great Britain, Sir George Baden-Powell and Dr. George M. Dawson. The officers of the court are as follows: For the United States—agent, Mr. John W. Foster; counsel, Messrs. E. J. Phelps, H. W. Blodgett, and Frederic R. Coudert; assistant counsel, Messrs. William Williams and Robert Lansing; disbursing officer Major E. W. Halford, U.S.A. Besides these there are a number of secretaries, clerks, and stenographers. On the part of Great Britain the agent is Mr. Charles H. Tupper, and the counsel Sir Charles Russell, Sir Richard Webster, and Mr. Charles Russell, the latter having been appointed to take the place of Mr. W. H. Cross, who recently died.

The present interest in this country in the *personnel* of this court of arbitration centres about the American members. Associate Justice Harlan is a large fine-looking man, a native of Kentucky, and now in his sixtieth year. He has been a member of the Supreme Court since 1877, when he was appointed to the place by President Hayes, after serving on the Louisiana Commission. Previous to this he had been the Colonel of a Kentucky regiment on the Union side during the war, a judge of a county court, and Attorney-General of his State. He first attracted national notice at the Cincinnati Republican Convention in 1876, when he appeared as the chief advocate for the nomination of General Benjamin H. Bristow, whose law partner he was in Louisville.

The other American arbitrator is Senator John T. Morgan, of Alabama, who has served long on the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, and has always taken a prominent part in the debates as to measures affecting the relations of the United States with other governments. Mr. Morgan is nine or ten years Justice Harlan's senior, and is a native of Tennessee, although he has lived in Alabama since he was a child. He was a Breckinridge Presidential elector in 1860, and a member of the secession convention in 1861. During the war he entered the Confederate service as a private, and rose to be a Brigadier-General and the commander of a division. After the war he practised law in Alabama, till his election to the Senate in 1876. He has been a member of that body ever since, and of recent years has been a prominent debater on the Democratic side.

The senior American counsel is Mr. Edward J. Phelps, of Vermont. Mr. Phelps is in his seventy-second year, but he does not look nearly so old. He was Second Comptroller of the Treasury during the administration of President Fillmore. He was President of the American Bar Association in 1880, and was chosen Professor of Law at Yale the next year. This professorship he has held ever since and still holds, though he did not officiate during the four years of Mr. Cleveland's first administration, when he was United States Minister in London, where he succeeded James Russell Lowell. Difficult though it was for any one to fill such a post with credit after so gifted a predecessor, Mr. Phelps succeeded entirely, bearing himself with so much tact, and speaking with so much eloquence and wit, that many Englishmen, through the native disposition to generalize, came to the conclusion that all Americans were learned and witty and eloquent. Judge Henry W. Blodgett, of Chicago, the second of the American counsel, has long presided over the United States Court for the Northern District of Illinois. Mr. Frederic R. Coudert is a prominent lawyer in New York, of French extraction. Mr. Coudert is President of the Manhattan Club and an active Democrat.

Mr. John W. Foster, the American agent, prepared the case on the American side. He is a native of Indiana. During the war he served in the army under General Grant, and became a Colonel. After the war he was an editor in Evansville, Indiana, and then postmaster of that city. He has served as Minister to Mexico, Minister to Russia, and Minister to Spain. While in Spain he negotiated a treaty, which was never ratified, as Mr. Cleveland withdrew it from the Senate. During the last Democratic administration Mr. Foster practised before the State Department as counsel for foreign legations in Washington. When Mr. Blaine retired from the State Department, Mr. Foster was appointed to the post, which he held until his departure for Paris.

Of the British counsel, Sir Charles Russell and Sir Richard Webster are both leaders of the English bar, and there are few cases of note in which either one or both do not appear. Lord Hannen, the senior British arbitrator, began to practise law in 1848, and has been on the bench for twenty-five years. In 1872 he became a member of the Privy Council. His most conspicuous service, perhaps, was as president of the Parnell Inquiry Commission. Sir John S. D. Thompson, the other British arbitrator, is a Canadian, and was born in Halifax in 1844. He has been a member of the Dominion Parliament, and was attached to the British Commission which arranged the fishery treaty in Washington in 1888.

SOME NEW FOREIGN MINISTERS.

President Cleveland sent to the Senate last week several very important nominations, as he named an Ambassador to Great Britain and Ministers to Chili, to Peru, and to Costa Rica and Salvador. Mr. Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware, who was Mr. Cleveland's first Secretary of State, is named as Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, and is the first American to hold so high a diplomatic rank since the early days of the republic. Mr. Bayard will undoubtedly admirably maintain the dignity of the post which has been raised in public esteem, and in actual importance, by reason of the fact that it has rarely been held by others than men of the highest character and ability. Mr. Bayard's natural urbanity, which was severely strained while Secretary of State by the trials inseparable from high executive position in Washington, will probably expand into graceful geniality in the new and pleasant surroundings of diplomatic life. The first thing that strikes one when seeing Mr. Bayard is that he is a very handsome and high-bred man. After knowing him, while this pleasant first experience lasts, it is rather of his abilities, his sincerity of purpose, and his high and spotless character that one thinks. Mr. Bayard is sixty-five years old. He was born in Wilmington, and educated mainly at Dr. E. L. Hawk's school at Flushing, Long Island.

Mr. Bayard studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1851. Except for two years—1856 and 1857—when he lived in Philadelphia, Mr. Bayard has since made his home in Wilmington. When he had been a lawyer only two years he was made United States District Attorney for Delaware. He resigned a year later. At the breaking out of the war the Bayards of Delaware, though State's rights Democrats, were Union men, and it was mainly through their influence that Delaware was kept from seceding.

Mr. Bayard entered the United States Senate to succeed his father in 1869, and was re-elected in 1875 and 1881. When he entered that body he was one of only about half a dozen Democratic members. But from the first his reputation grew. In the Democratic convention of 1872 Mr. Bayard opposed the indorsement of the Liberal Republican ticket, with Horace Greeley at its head. At the next convention, which chose Mr. Tilden, Mr. Bayard was himself a candidate for the nomination. In 1880, when General Hancock was nominated, Mr. Bayard received 153½ votes on the first ballot. And again, in 1884, when Mr. Cleveland was named, Mr. Bayard received 170 votes. Following the example of many other Presidents, Mr. Cleveland invited his chief rival for the nomination to the premiership of his administration.

As Secretary of State Mr. Bayard's record is fresh in the public mind. He conducted the fishery negotiations with Great Britain with skill and good temper, and began the controversy in regard to the Bering Sea matter. His policy was followed by his successors. The most sensational event of his incumbency of the State Department was the sending of his passports to the Hon. Sackville West, the British Minister.

Mr. James D. Porter, ex-Governor of Tennessee, has been nominated to be Minister to Chili. Mr. Porter is past sixty years old, is a lawyer by profession, and was First Assistant Secretary of State in Mr. Cleveland's former administration. Mr. Cleveland is said to have a high appreciation of Mr. Porter's abilities. He is a large handsome man, and in his State is considered to be a natural leader on account of his forceful character and conciliating manners.

Mr. James A. McKenzie, of Kentucky, has been nominated to be Minister to Peru. Mr. McKenzie has been long in public life, and has served in both branches of his State Legislature and in the Lower House of Congress. At the last three Democratic National Conventions he has been a prominent figure, and at all of them advocated Mr. Cleveland's nomination. Mr. McKenzie is an eloquent speaker and a humorist of the first order. At the last convention he carried a part of the State delegation away from Mr Watterson, and this part voted for Mr. Cleveland.

Mr. Lewis Baker, of Minnesota, has been nominated to be Minister to Costa Rica and Salvador. Mr. Baker, like so many other men who have become distinguished in the Western States, is a native of Ohio. He has been a newspaper man pretty nearly all his life, as he became a printer while still a boy He was the owner and editor of the Ohio *Statesman*, being associated in the management of that paper with the late S. S. Cox. Later he owned the Wheeling *Register*. While in West Virginia he became very active in politics, and headed the delegation of that State to the Democratic National Convention which first nominated Mr. Cleveland for the Presidency. Since then he has been one of the most devoted of Mr. Cleveland's political friends. He has, with one exception, hitherto declined office. The exception was when he took a nomination for the Minnesota Senate in a strong Republican district and won. Although a majority of the Senate were Republicans, Mr. Baker was elected President. He has been a zealous advocate of the improvement of the Mississippi River. He is well known by politicians and newspaper men East and West, and is everywhere quite popular.

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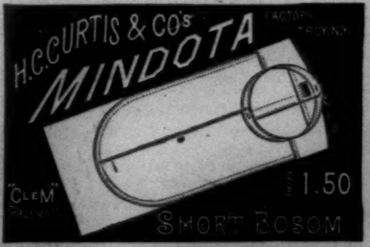

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hurled into the ranks of an army could not have created the excitement and dismay that our

MURRAY $55.95 BUGGY and $5.95 HARNESS

have caused among the Buggy and Harness Manufacturers, Dealers and Agents throughout the United States. FOUR YEARS AGO we began selling our Murray Buggies and Harness direct to the consumer, barring out all Middlemen in the shape of the Dealer and the Agent, and giving to the consumers themselves the benefits of the immense profits heretofore squeezed and coaxed out of them by that class of men. We were fully convinced that by selling at first cost to the consumer direct, and by giving them the most substantial, the newest styles and the best finished work that could be produced, we would be eminently successful.

What has been the result of our four years' work in reforming the Buggy and Harness business of the country?

The result is simply this—that to-day our name is a criterion of QUALITY and LOW PRICES. Our "MURRAY" Buggies and Harness are more widely used than any three makes in the whole country. We have had to increase our Plant from year to year, until now we have the best facilities for serving our customers of any factory on the face of the globe.

WE'VE OUR FIGHTING CLOTHES ON!

and from now and henceforth the war will be more bitter than ever. The support we have received from all parts of the country fully warrants us in saying that we have friends by the Hundreds of Thousands, and with their support, we will the coming season make a record that will even eclipse our past glorious success. All people except fools have enemies—we have ours; they are the Factories, Dealers, Agents and Imitators, who are sore at our unprecedented success, and the loss of the "soft snaps" which they previously had, and they now spend their many idle hours in talking against the "Murray" Buggies and Harness. We like to have them talk, for they only advertise our work that much more—as any person easily sees, and were we not a most dangerous rival, they would not spend so much of their valuable (?) time in "grunting" against us. To these so-called "croakers" we can only say, that they have our sympathy, while we have the trade. If saving "Dollars" amounts to anything whatever to you, we're entitled to your support and trade. Write us for the GRANDEST CATALOGUE ever published; it contains about one hundred and fifty pages of illustrations and prices, which will be of great interest to you. Will mail you this Catalogue FREE OF CHARGE if you'll simply drop us a line asking for it.

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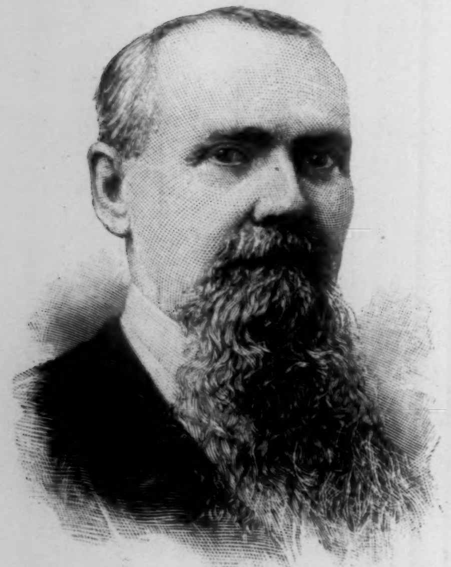

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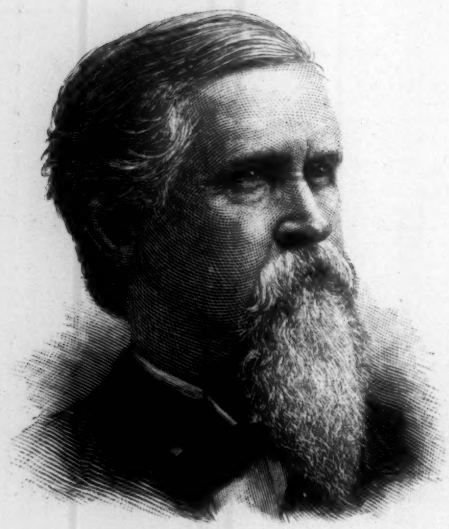

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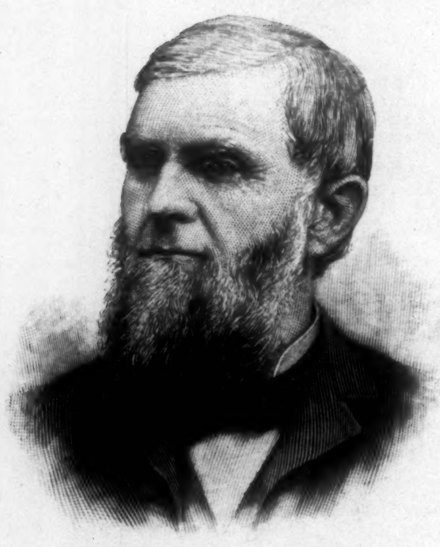
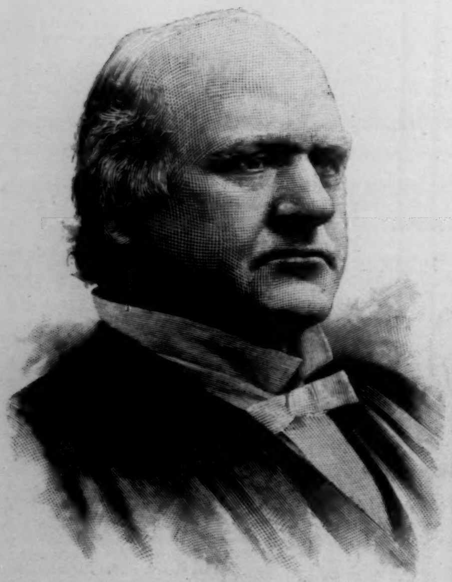


THE HON. LEWIS BAKER,
United States Minister to Costa Rica and San Salvador.

NEWLY APPOINTED MINISTERS.—[See Page 335.]



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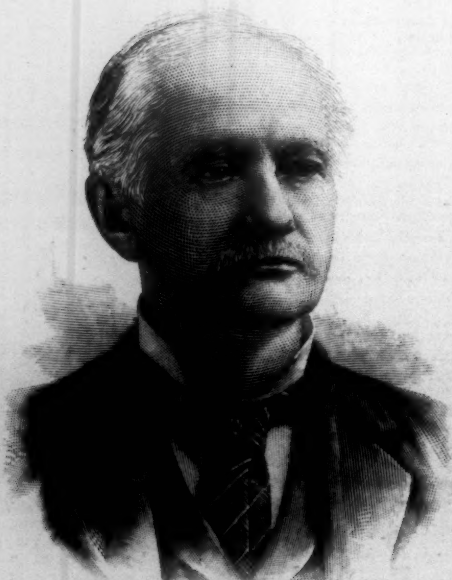
Arbitrator on the Part of the United States.



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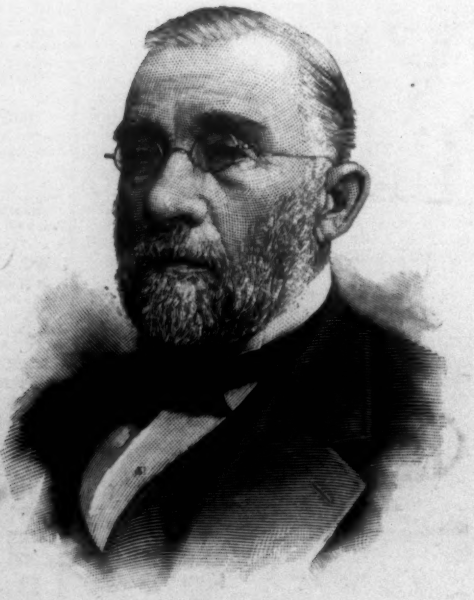

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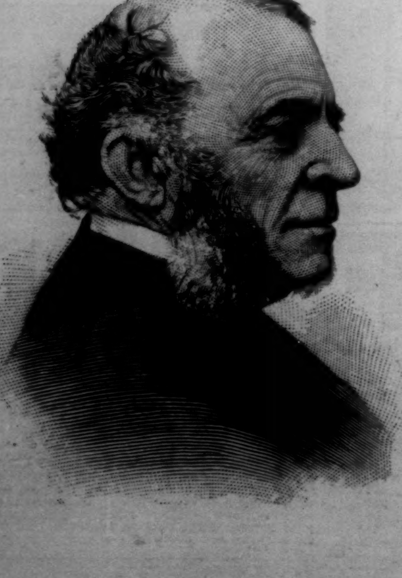

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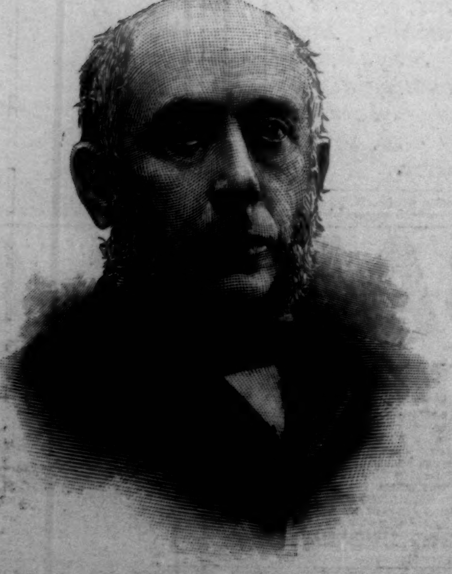

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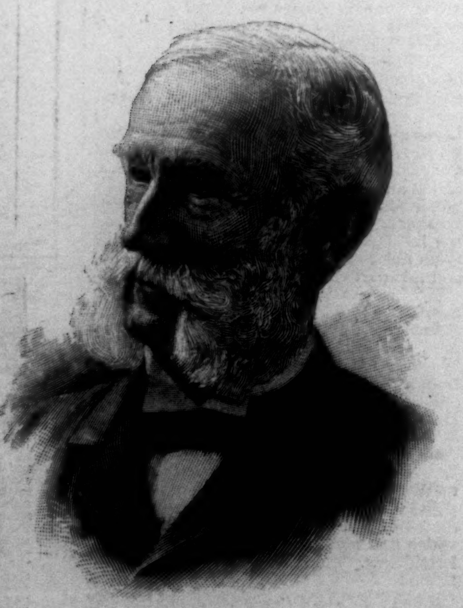

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THE UNITED STATES MEMBERS OF THE BERING SEA COURT.—[See Page 334.]

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brings comfort and improvement, and tends to personal enjoyment, when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting, in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling Colds, Headaches and Fevers, and permanently curing Constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions, and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them, and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in **50 cent** and **$1.00** bottles, but it is manufactured by the **CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.** only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name **Syrup of Figs**; and, being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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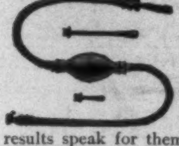

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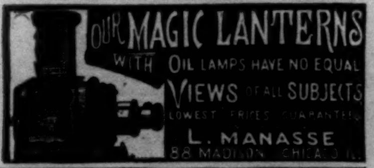

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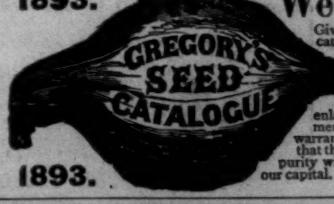

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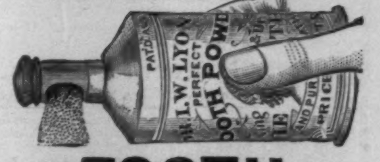

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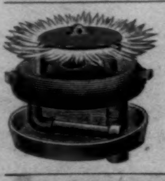

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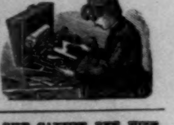

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Warranted perfect in Scale.

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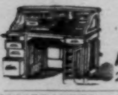

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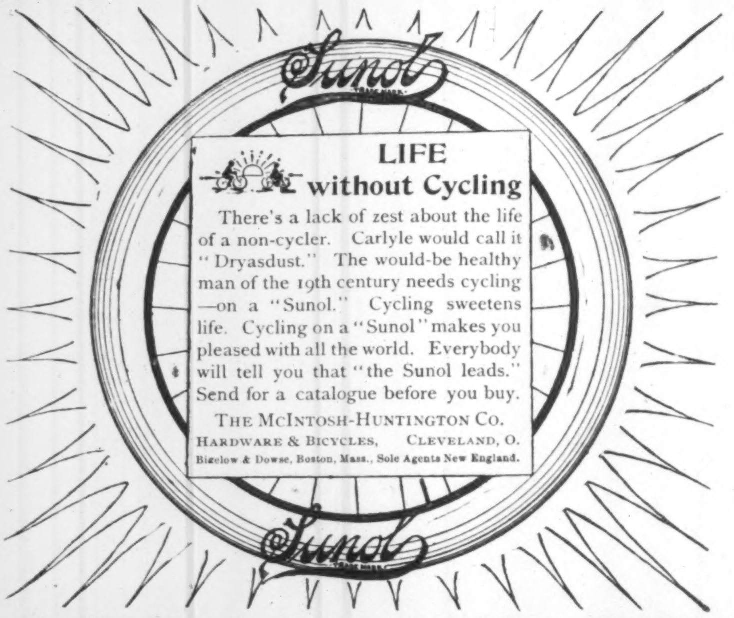

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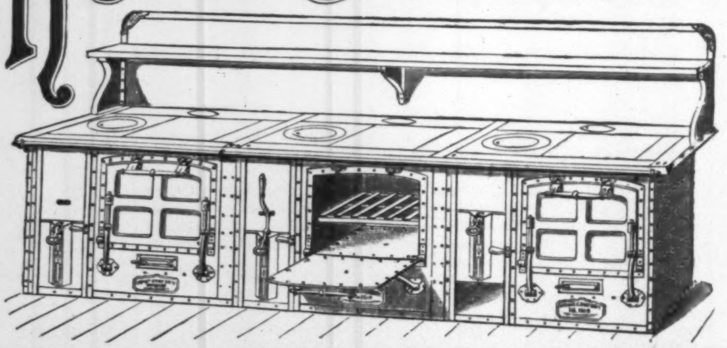

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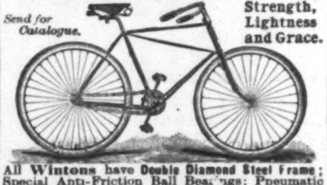

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Send 10 Cents and the name of your Grocer for Sample Can.

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RETAIL 25c PER QUART

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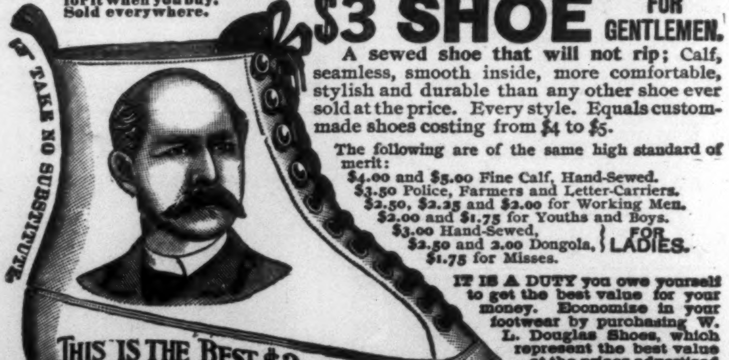
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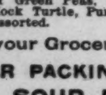

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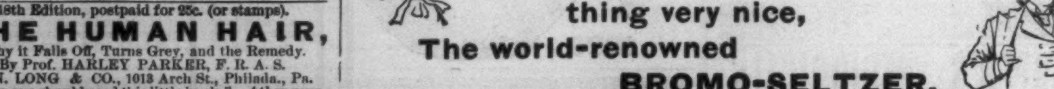
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A SOLITARY EXILE.

THERE is a remarkable recluse on the top floor of the big six-story building No. 87 Gold Street. For nine years he has not left his quarters, or gone down a flight of stairs even. All his food is carried up to him, and he rounds out the years in uneventful solitude.

The hermit is a big gray horse, seventeen years old, and weighing over 1300 pounds, and he earns his keep by going ceaselessly round and round a tan-bark ring pushing a sweep, and furnishing power for hoisting bales of leather to different floors.

Few busy New-Yorkers know that a few years ago horse-power was almost entirely used for hoisting purposes in the leather district popularly known as "the Swamp." The story goes that a short time back a gentleman who lived at an uptown hotel, and who was chiefly noted for his conviviality, found himself by some unaccountable means on Spruce Street at an early hour on a Sunday morning. Looking up at the sky, through which the dawn was just breaking, he saw, or thought he saw, a horse's head projecting through an upper window of a tall building. He could hardly believe there was a horse there, and he looked again, and saw a white equine head clearly outlined against the sky. Thoroughly alarmed as to his condition, he hurried to a cab, drove to his hotel, and hastily rousing some friends who worshipped Bacchus only to a moderate degree, returned with them to Spruce Street. Much to his relief, his friends too soon saw the horse's head, and the party returned uptown, one of them at least in much better spirits than he came.

The horse at 87 Gold Street is the only remaining equine elevator in the Swamp. Nine years ago he was hoisted to the top floor, and every working-day since then he has earned his daily oats by walking round and round his tan-bark ring. He has never left the top floor, and he probably never will till his body is taken away for burial. He hears the neighs and whinnies of other horses far below him in the busy streets, but he cannot respond; he cannot rub noses with other horses, and he has forgotten what it is like to be turned out to pasture and feed on fresh green grass.

His owners estimate that he travels nine miles a day, on an average. According to this estimate he has covered 21,000 miles around his ring, and if he lasts eight years more, as is expected, he will at the end of his service have covered 40,000 miles in round numbers.

The sweep is connected by shafting and belting with a hoisting-rod which passes each floor through a hatchway. The horse is started by putting the main belt in motion by a pull, and he is stopped at any desired floor by the ringing of a bell which is close by him, and connected with a rope which also runs through the hatchway.

Ten or fifteen years ago there were many hoisting horses in the leather district, but they have been supplanted by steam and electricity. The latter power is not much cheaper, but more reliable, as the horses soon learned the ropes and went on strike, so to speak.

The pulling of the belt starts the sweep, in a sense, and if the horse is so disposed, starts him as well. It starts the horse the same as letting go the brake of a street car starts the horses up. They know it is the signal to go, and that if they don't start they will get a cut of the whip. But the hoisting horses soon learned that the pulling of the belt alone did not compel them to work, and they soon got to doing as they pleased.

It was a common thing for a man to pull the belt on the second floor repeatedly and ineffectually, and then rush up to the top floor and find the horse sitting complacently on his haunches, with an air of calm indifference on his face. When a horse reached this stage of knowledge and independence it was necessary to have a boy stand near him with a whip, and this materially increased the expense.

Blind horses were usually used, as they were cheaper, and did their work as well as if not better than those that could see.

Mr. William Palen, as one of the firm which owns old Peter, the animal in question, says: "Peter is a good worker, and is apparently thoroughly satisfied. He eats well, is in good health, and was never known to complain. He never went on strike, and when the belt doesn't start him we know he is asleep, and the ringing of the bell always wakes him and starts him in motion."

AMATEUR · SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney is now absent on an extended tour through the United States and Canada. In the course of his trip he will visit all the important sporting centres, and make a thorough examination of the present condition of amateur sport in America. During his absence this department will be supplied with articles by prominent authorities on special topics connected with Amateur Sport.

THE YALE SIDE OF THE ATHLETIC QUESTION.

BY WALTER CAMP.

WITH the first of this year the Yale captains, after consulting with the captains of former Yale teams and crews, decided that some immediate action must be taken to bar out from college athletics the steadily increasing semi-professional element in the shape of imported athletes. The rule they determined upon, and by which each agreed to conduct his own organization, was as follows: "No member of a graduate department or special student shall be eligible, nor any undergraduate who has registered or attended lectures or recitations at any other university or college, nor any undergraduate who is not pursuing a course requiring for a degree attendance for at least three years."

In defining Yale's position upon this question it is only fair to preface that definition with the statement that there is at New Haven, beside the majority who passed the rule which set this discussion moving, a very respectable minority who voted against that rule, but who, meeting with defeat, must therefore bear the burden of that defeat in the form of seeing their opinion ignored. In defining Yale's position, therefore, as I am requested to do, I shall give the opinions of those who were the leaders in this reform movement. Primarily, they enjoy the distinction of being the pioneers of a much-needed reform, and it is always an admittedly courageous thing, either in college athletics or in the world at large, to take the first step toward the extinction of evil practices. The desirability of action could not be better proved than by the headlong haste with which other universities and colleges followed with rules bearing upon the same issue.

The difficult step, and the one which was sure to be met with bitter opposition, was the first step taken. Probably no men knew this better than these pioneers, the captains of the four important athletic branches at Yale, when they met and decided upon it. Certainly their fears might have been well founded, as after-events showed; for not only abroad but at home they met with the most violent opposition. But when a college baseball captain has faced the fact that to act according to his lights he must give up his pitcher, his second baseman, his probable best batsman, and first baseman, together with other lesser candidates, for the good of a principle, it is not likely that he will be deterred by any cowardly fear of what people will say. When the captain of the crew knows that it will sacrifice two of the best men in his boat and of a winning crew, when the captain of the football team knows that it will cut off his best half-back, each has already faced the, to him, hardest feature, and the after-events come with gradually lessening force. All these men had come, from their peculiarly close relations to college athletics, to appreciate the fact that the insidious evil of professionalism was gaining such a hold that none but the most sweeping legislation could make a successful stand. They met together and adopted such legislation, neither publishing it broadcast nor courting notoriety in any way, but agreeing that at Yale this reform should be attempted, and that special students, graduates, and men who had been members of any other college, should be barred. It should be in the future a strictly Yale team, Yale crew, Yale nine, and Yale athlete, and that, too, an undergraduate who should carry the blue to victory or defeat. No importations, no athletes for revenue only, and no perpetual athletes. The football officers being the first who should go out of office, wishing to face the results of their own actions, and not leave them as a cowardly legacy to their successors, called a meeting of the Intercollegiate Football Association, and there fought their case. Then the gathering storm broke, beginning at home. Their power was impeached, a thing never before heard of, and they were practically arraigned before the college. But they stuck to their post and their measure, and have made the imported, paid, and perpetual athlete an impossibility at Yale, until January 1, 1894. After that the deluge, perhaps. But meantime other universities and colleges will have taken such steps that, no matter what may be the calibre or the backbone of the successors of the present Yale captains, the college world will have been made no place for the professional athlete.

Now a word regarding the man who admittedly has received or does receive money for his prowess—the undisguised professional—for I see that some of the resolutions adopted by others bring in a rule barring him. Such a rule already exists in every constitution Yale competes under, and it is but fair to note Yale's position regarding those rules. In football the rule is that no professional or man who is paid, or receives, directly or indirectly, any money or financial concession or emolument as present or past compensation for, or as prior consideration or inducement to playing, unless the same be received from or paid by or at the instance of the football association, athletic committee, or faculty of such university or college or any individual whatsoever, shall be eligible.

And Yale not only called the meeting that adopted that rule, but also proposed the rule, and fought it through to a successful issue in spite of a similar tirade of abuse based upon the argument that it affected men already upon teams. In baseball, when the original Intercollegiate Association was formed, Yale delegates attended with the others; but when the others refused, in the drawing up of the constitution, to insert a rule barring out professionals, the Yale delegates withdrew, and it was only upon the adoption of such a rule the following year that Yale joined the association. Nor was it from any ulterior motives; for Yale, although refusing to become members of any association not barring professionals, met every nine with a strictly amateur nine in that association, and defeated them one after the other. The Intercollegiate Association has been swept away, but in the individual agreements there still remains that rule barring the professional. In the Track Athletic Association a similar rule barring the professional obtains, as also in all the boating agreements. And the very reason for the still more sweeping legislation now advocated—not alone by Yale, but all the others—lies in the fact that it has been the experience of every one who cares to face facts rather than promulgate high-sounding rules, that no rule requiring the proof of money received has ever been sufficiently operative to cleanse from the professional element or to debar them from further entrance. Particularly in college athletics the rule will never be more than a bugbear, because no gentleman cares to do the sneaking work required to trace out the concealed recompense, and that recompense is offered and received in the majority of cases without the sanction of the captain, and in so indirect a way as to deceive almost every one. But the suspicious characters, while some of them may enter the regular undergraduate departments, have been nine times out of ten either special or graduate students, because the study part and the examination part are in those departments either more optional or not of necessity required.

Professor E. L. Richards, of Yale, whose opinion upon college athletic questions is based upon a longer intimate knowledge of the facts with which this rule deals than the opinion of any other man, is the stanchest supporter of the undergraduate rule. In fact, it has been a belief of his for many years, and these are the arguments he advances in its favor. He says that allowing graduates to play has led to the importation of players, and that this importation can be divided into two classes—those entering the departments of law, medicine, and theology, and special students in other departments.

This importation leads: 1. To the presentation in collegiate contests of teams, crews, and nines which do not represent the university, but the university re-enforced by players from other colleges.

2. It deprives the athletic contests to a great extent of their educational power by discouraging the undergraduate from trying for the positions so likely to be filled by these special experts.

3. It checks the development of athletic ability in the undergraduate department in a similar fashion.

4. It makes the competition for places unfair, because the graduate students are more masters of their own time, as their work is more of an optional nature.

5. It makes it impossible to purify athletics from the suspicion that these imported players come for pecuniary considerations, and so degrades the standing of the sports.

6. The loose system of registration in graduate departments would make a time residence clause inoperative.

For these reasons he believes that the rule admitting to eligibility only those men who have never attended any other college, and those who are undergraduates studying for a degree, is the one needed in the present crisis. Yale has adopted this at home, and has voted for it at every meeting of associations or leagues of which she is a member. Beyond this she cannot go except at the expense of saying that her rule is the only possible one, and the spirit which has led her for years to meet her two strongest rivals, even though they did not meet each other (and thus rendered it necessary for Yale to win two hard-fought contests to reach the nominal championship, while either rival had to win but one), rather than to refuse to play unless a fairer arrangement was effected, will undoubtedly keep her in the lists, whether at a disadvantage or not. Moreover, there has never yet been an occasion when differences of opinion between Harvard and Yale have kept them apart for more than a season, so that it is fair to assume that in the present instance, though each may have her own publicly and privately expressed views, the fact that they compete with one another will go far toward an eventual yielding by both sides to a compromise meaning still one more step in the encouraging progress of athletic sports among gentlemen.

THE SUPPLY OF GAME.

INFLUENCE OF CLUBS AND PRIVATE GAME PRESERVES.

BY WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

IT has been the custom lately for unthinking sportsmen to denounce the formation of private shooting and fishing clubs in a manner more vigorous than just. It does seem hard that we should be shut out from shooting and fishing over grounds that from time immemorial have been open to us; but experience proves that in every case where the public has had free access the supply of fish and game has rapidly become exhausted, for the reason that the public is always more or less selfish, and will not give the game or fish a fair chance. For instance, in no case have I ever known a trout stream to be fished out that was fairly fished. It is the set lines, nets, and dynamite that play the mischief, to say nothing of the foolish habit of catching fingerlings for count. If people would stop to think a moment, or take the trouble to inform themselves, they would find that clubs do a wonderful deal of good, for not only are members of clubs close observers of the game-laws, but they spend much time and money in restocking barren localities, and introducing new and valuable varieties. Take, for instance, the Adirondack Club. When they first took possession of their property on the head-waters of the Hudson River, deer had been killed off so close that it was almost impossible to start one, no matter how many hounds were put out, while now, after a few years of protection, they fairly swarm, and not only afford abundant sport for the members, but have restocked the surrounding wilderness. Does are never allowed to be killed on their grounds. The first thing all such clubs do is to put a reasonable limit on the amount of fish or game to be killed or taken by their members.

When the Indians were banished from the plains they left a stock of game that seemed practically inexhaustible. Bison, elk, and antelope swarmed on the prairies in countless thousands. And now, after a few years, they have utterly passed away, the few scattered individuals that have escaped to the secluded valleys among the wildest part of the Rocky Mountains are being followed up, and are rapidly being exterminated by the taxidermists to supply sportsmen from the East and abroad with trophies. These countless herds were not killed for food, as the Creator intended, but for the sake of the few dollars their skins would fetch. Fortunately there are a few private preserves and parks where public-spirited sportsmen have managed to keep together and protect a few specimens of bison, elk, etc.; and in Yellowstone Park a few small herds are closely protected by the government, so that these grand animals will not become utterly extinct.

Mr. Austin Corbin has a fine preserve in New Hampshire. He has now a herd of thirty-three American bison, and is doing his best to save a few specimens of our big game for the next generation. Dr. William Seward Webb has purchased an immense tract of land in the Adirondacks, and intends to give the deer and trout a fair chance. Hounds, nets, and set lines will be unknown. His nearest neighbors, Colonels Brandreth and McAlpin, are too good sportsmen to allow their stock of deer and trout to be diminished by unfair means. Blooming Grove and Tuxedo Parks are also doing their share of restocking their woods and waters, and in doing this of course they naturally restock the whole neighborhood.

During the last few years the formation of clubs has gone on with wonderful rapidity, not only in the States, but up in the Canadian wilderness. Their membership runs up into the thousands, and miles upon miles of territory have been secured. Thinking people see that it is the only way that they can secure sport in the near future, and already the prices of shares in these clubs have rapidly increased in value, as in the Restigouche Salmon Club and South Side Sportsmen's Club, where they have already risen beyond the reach of moderately wealthy sportsmen, and are passing into the hands of millionaires. The only trouble with some of these clubs is that they are entirely too comfortable and luxurious; no sleeping on hemlock boughs with the whole of Canada or Maine for a bedchamber, but as fine quarters and table as one can find in a first-class New York hotel.

One of the oldest and most influential associations is the New York Association for the Protection of Game, formerly the old New York Sportsman's Club. This association is exclusively a club to enforce the game-laws in New York city. It was started May 20, 1844, by a few prominent New York gentlemen interested in field sports. This association has been the model and parent of hundreds of similar associations throughout the States, and has been the means of procuring and enforcing proper legislation for the protection of game and fish in this State. Its present officers are: Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt, president; Colonel Alfred Wagstaff, vice-president; Thomas N. Cuthbert, counsel and treasurer; Wakeman Holberton, secretary; Robert B. Lawrence, assistant counsel. When first started there were no game-laws in existence, and the markets supplied game all the year round, regardless of the close or breeding season. It has been found that one of the best methods of protecting game is to prevent the sale during the close or breeding season.

Tons of game are stored during the open season, and kept frozen, to be peddled out illegally by restaurants and caterers during the close season. Game so preserved is usually unfit for food and often dangerous. It would be a great public benefit if the Board of Health would put a stop to the sale of this stale and tainted stuff, which some people will buy because they think it is a smart thing to do, and not because they like it.

"HOW TO GET STRONG, AND HOW TO STAY SO."—BY WILLIAM BLAIKIE.—ILLUSTRATED.—PRICE, $1 00.—PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.